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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

SOWING AND REAPING.

IT has been ordained in heaven that whatsoever men sow, that shall they also reap. And this most righteous law holds nations no less than individuals in its grasp. In the case of individuals, the seed sown in the present life may ripen, and be reaped in eternity; but as nations exist only in this world, their seed-time and harvest must come nearer together. The present condition of our country is calculated to fill the heart of every patriotic citizen with sorrow and apprehension. Business is deranged, the pursuits of industry interrupted, the interests of education and religion almost crowded out of sight, while armies of infuriated rebels are dealing deadly blows at the very existence of our government. The calamity that we have not feared has come upon us, and we are involved in a terrible and sanguinary war. We are becoming familiar with the confused noise, the sound of battle, and with the sight of garments rolled in blood. The heavens above us are clothed with blackness, and out of the thick clouds come hail-storms and coals of fire. And none can tell when these calamities will be overpast, and peace again

"Lie like a shaft of light across the land."

It is a time for serious and prayerful inquiry into the causes of our misfortunes. None but an atheist will claim that they are accidental, or deny that we suffer justly for our sins. But it is to be feared that many devout Christians fail to see the correspondence between the present condition of our nation and our past transgressions. We are now furnishing the world with an illustration of the truth that sin works out its own punishment. In other words, it is harvest time with us, and we are reaping as we have sowed. Inasmuch as we would sow seed of a certain kind, nothing but a miracle, and such a miracle as God never works, could avert the natural consequences of our folly.

We have been ready during our past history to make any and every concession to slavery. But as much as the monster grew arrogant and exacting, we became humble and submissive. Herod's vow to the hoiden who turned his head by her dancing was not more rash or wicked than the pledges we have been ready to give to the harridan that has debauched our nation. The oath of Herod cost one good man his life—our fealty to slavery has sent thousands of good men to untimely graves. There is no exaggeration in this statement—for we have once and again unsheathed the sword, and glutted it with blood, for the extension and perpetuation of the "sum of all villanies." In illustration of this declaration, I need only call the attention of your readers to a single chapter in our nation's history. I cannot do more than glance at the subject, referring those who desire fuller information to Giddings's work on the *Crimes committed by our government against the Maroons of Florida.* It is a narrative to make the ears of every American citizen tingle, and to redden his cheeks with shame—and the more so because its facts are drawn from official and authentic documents.

Long before Florida became a part of the United States, it was an asylum for fugitive slaves. More than one hundred years ago large numbers of the Creek Indians separated from their nation and emigrated to Florida, where they took the name of Seminoles, and became an independent tribe. These Indians and fugitive slaves (Maroons) were enfranchised and protected by Spanish law, lived together on the most friendly terms, frequently intermarried, and were prosperous and happy. As a matter of course, the existence of such a community anywhere on the American continent would be a constant eyesore to the slaveholders of Georgia and the Carolinas. They, therefore, demanded that it should be broken up, and, failing in this, became clamorous for the annexation of Florida to the United States. As the government did not move with satisfactory celerity in the matter, Georgia, with genuine Southern arrogance, raised an army on her own account, and carried fire and sword into the territory of a friendly nation with the view of exterminating the Seminoles, and reducing the escaped fugitives to slavery. These efforts were a signal failure, but they subsequently induced the United States to undertake the same work. In 1816, our government sent a force into Florida, *sixty miles beyond the limits of the United States*, to crush these peaceable exiles. Many of these unoffending people had been born in the Seminole country, had always lived there, and were now dwelling in quietness, surrounded by their children and their children's children. On the approach of the United States forces, a company of them, numbering three hundred and thirty-four in all—men, women, and children—took shelter in a fort that had been built by the English during the recent war. Into this fort shot and shell were thrown till the magazine was fired and exploded. Of its inmates, *two hundred and seventy* were killed outright, *sixty-one* were wounded, and *three* escaped uninjured. Of these three, *two* were handed over to Indian allies for torture and death. The wounded who recovered were delivered to men who claimed them as slaves, or who claimed to have "*descended from planters who, some three or four generations previously, owned the ancestors of these prisoners.*" And more than twenty years afterward, Congress made a special appropriation to compensate the officers and soldiers who perpetrated this butchery. And here on the Apalachicola river was commenced the Florida war, or rather wars, in which our nation squandered thirty or forty millions of dollars in money, and thousands of human lives.

Florida was purchased of Spain in 1819, and the Maroons and their friends, the Seminoles, were by this purchase brought fairly within the grasp of the United States. Soon after a treaty was made between the Creek Indians and our government, in which the Indians were cheated as usual, and nearly half a million of money appropriated from the Treasury of the United States for the benefit of the slaveholders of Georgia. To a considerable part of this appropriation the slaveholders were unable to trump up any sort of a claim, and it remained unpaid for several years. But they at length attained it, by petition, from Congress, as a compensation "*for the loss of the offspring which the slaves would have borne to their masters, had they remained in bondage.*" *A Christian nation indemnifies slaveholders for the loss of unborn children!* Does the history of any people, savage or civilized, contain the record of a more disgusting fact? It was decided, a few years later, that the Seminoles and free blacks should be expelled from Florida, and sent where they would no longer annoy the slaveholders. But it was no easy matter to carry this purpose into execution. The Indians clung to their homes and hunting-grounds, and the Maroons were in constant dread of being reduced to slavery, if they forsook the swamps and everglades in which they had found freedom and variety.

While it was uncertain what course they would take, an incident occurred which opened a bloody drama, upon which the curtain did not fall for seven long disastrous years. Young Osceola, a Seminole, had occasion to visit Fort King on a trading expedition. He was accompanied by his wife, a beautiful half-breed, to whom he had been recently married. While at the fort, a trader, influenced by avarice or lust, seized the wife of Osceola, on the ground that she was his slave. The fact that she had negro blood in her veins was apparent. The law pronounced her a slave, and she was torn from her husband and dragged away to a life of pollution and degradation. Osceola was furious with rage, and so turbulent that the officer at the fort ordered him into irons, where he was kept until he seemed subdued and penitent, when he was released. But there burned all the while deep down on his heart hot fires of hate and revenge, to be quenched only by blood. You, my reader, feel, perhaps, that it was very wicked in this poor savage to bind himself by an oath to take vengeance on the whites for the wrong he had suffered—and, perhaps, it was—but how would you feel if his people should treat your wife as your people treated his? Only a short time after this occurrence at Fort King, the country was horrified by the massacre of Major Dade and his command, on their march from Tampa Bay. Of the thousands who heaped their denunciations upon the Indians, how few knew of the cruel injustice by which it had been provoked. My pen recoils from the work of tracing the progress of the war waged by a great and powerful nation against a handful of Seminoles, and a few scattered and pecled fugitives who had taken refuge in the swamps of Florida. Bloodhounds were ordered from Cuba, white flags were used as decoys, treachery and hypocrisy of the basest kind were resorted to in subjugating this despised foe.

And they were at length overpowered and sent beyond the Mississippi. But their merciless enemies still pursued them, and our government utterly failed to extend to them the protection it had solemnly guaranteed, and on the strength of which they had consented to the removal. Our last definite knowledge of these poor fugitives is in 1850, when a majority of them, despairing of obtaining either justice or mercy from the United States, fled to Mexico, where they are said to be living in prosperity and happiness. "After the struggles and persecutions of a hundred and fifty years, they repose in comparative quiet under a government which repudiates slavery." The Lord deal kindly with them, and give them rest from the oppressor.

But what a chapter this Florida war makes in the history of our country, especially as we read it in the light of events that are now transpiring! It is useless to deny that this war was waged in the interest of slavery, and at the dictation of slaveholders and slave-traders. And who that has faith in the Supreme Power whose prerogative it is to execute righteousness among the nations, can wonder that the measure we have meted to others is measured to us again? What right have we to complain if we are compelled to wring out and drink the dregs of the cup of trembling we prepared for the fugitives of Florida? The President has very properly appointed a national fast. Nothing can be more appropriate than that we should humble ourselves in view of our sins, and pray God to turn away his anger that we perish not. But penitence and prayer are not our only duties in the present emergency. The power that has corrupted our government and made it an instrument of injustice and oppression, must be resisted and overthrown. And this work is to be done now or never. We have little faith in the prayers offered by those who counsel submission or concession in a time like the present. Unless we are so base and mean-spirited as to be fit only for slavery, we can never succumb to the infernal spirit that aspires to rule or ruin our country. The struggle may be long-continued and costly, but submission is out of the question. While the free North can send one regiment of soldiers to the field, or raise a thousand dollars in money, she will listen to no proposals to abandon the righteous contest in which she is now engaged. Her sons have planted themselves in the "imminent deadly breach" to defend the heritage won by the valor and blood of patriot fathers. Every day the number grows larger of those who say,

"Ay, here we stand with planted feet,
Steadfast where those old worthies stood;
Upon us let the tempest beat,
Around us swells the surging flood:
We fall or triumph on this spot;
God helping us, we falter not."

—*Rev. R. M. Hatfield, in The Independent.*

A LESSON OF ADVERSITY.

From The London Weekly Times.

THE American people are turning their Bull Run "misfortune" to good account. The new General of the army of the Potomac, McClellan, works in right earnest to restore order and confidence. He selects a good staff, shuts up the liquor shops, punishes delinquents, and drills his soldiers in right martial style. A victory might have been dangerous to the North by giving encouragement to the noisy, fire-eating tribe, who, together with the slaveholding aristocracy of the South, have hitherto ruled the land in their own bad way. Abraham Lincoln, or "honest Abe," as his followers love to call him, acted without discretion when he allowed this class to urge him to ill-advised action; but the defeat is theirs more than his, and it appears to have had an excellent effect in depressing their influence, and forcing the nation to look to its natural leaders—the thoughtful, able men, whom the slaveholders and the "rowdies" have contrived for many years to keep out of power. The social system of the rich New Yorkers is already improved by the strokes of adversity, and instead of the fast, frivolous life in monster hotels, blazing with costly furniture and plate glass, hundreds of families, driven to the privacy of domestic retirement, are able to reflect on the extreme folly and vulgarity of passing their whole time in dollar-hunting and display. A deep, earnest feeling is creeping over American society, and something like Puritan simplicity is replacing the ostentatious profusion of silks, crinoline, and jewelry, which made the fashionables of the New World more ridiculous than those of the Old.

The Tories take no pains to conceal their discreditable joy at the misfortunes of a republic; but they overshoot the mark when they direct their arrows of reprobation at our transatlantic friends. They persist in the grossest exaggeration of any errors or losses the Northerners suffer, and tell as little truth as possible about the noble efforts they are making to redeem the past. There is no doubt that America offers a solemn warning which Europe should not neglect. We see in her present misfortunes the result of allowing a selfish oligarchy to exercise a predominant power, and the dangers that come from a tendency, very common in England—namely, that of allowing political apathy to keep a large portion of the people from an intelligent consideration of their own affairs. There must needs be a strong internal struggle to reverse these errors; and if the Americans did not manifest a vigorous determination to correct their faults, we should join our Tories in exposing them to contempt. This, however, is far from being the case, and without venturing to predict the turn events may take, we see enough to be sure that the end will not disappoint the friends of self-government, or justify Englishmen in reactionary views.

In mere questions of political and military organization the Unionists will rapidly progress; but we want to see them brought to a distinct recognition of the fact, so obvious in this country, that without the abolition of slavery there can be no final adjustment of the quarrel between North and South. The ablest American statesmen know this full well, but they seem afraid to speak out, and perhaps a failure of other plans must precede the adoption of the only satisfactory course. It may be that at present the North is too angry with the South to be disposed to pay its share of the purchase-money of the blacks, and, so far as we can ascertain, no one has yet proposed a practicable scheme, duly considered in all its details, for changing the condition of so many millions of people, who have been demoralized by a degrading servitude. The lapse of six months will materially alter the condition of parties, and remove many obstacles to a right course. The Northern merchants, whose fortunes depended on Southern trade, and who were opposed to abolition because it appeared to be against their pocket interest, will lose their influence as their money goes, and the planters will find that their odious property in human flesh diminishes in value as the conflict is prolonged. Such incidents will give fresh power and vigor to men like Wendell Phillips and Sumner, who loathe the institution of slavery as a thing almost as foul and degrading as cannibalism itself. We may expect that a large smuggling trade will provide an exit for much of the cotton of the South, but as fresh supplies of this great staple come to us from India and Africa, the loss involved by the blockade of the Southern ports will, in great part, fall upon the growers of the crop, and when the struggle is over they will not again enjoy the position of superiority they have hitherto maintained. Thus the duty of negro emancipation will be facilitated by commercial changes, and instead of the Southern States forming a Tory paradise, they will, whether reunited to the Union or not, be compelled to abandon the hideous hypocrisy which defends the horrors of slavery on the blasphemous ground that it is a "Divinely-appointed means for the evangelization of the African race!" Such is the language of Southern statesmen and Southern divines, and if no milder argument will put down the error, let the sword of the modern Puritan carve the way for the truth.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

DURING this last season, a German gentleman who has resided in Richmond for many years has come to this city. He is a highly cultivated person, intelligent and thoughtful, of very moderate views on the questions which split this nation. He has given much information on the affairs of the South to his friends here, but among the many incidents he related, one struck my mind particularly—not because it was unusual in its nature, but because it illustrated a system. There was a negro slave in Richmond, a man of considerable intelligence and handiness, who was owned by a respectable gentleman of his acquaintance. This man had occasionally done little services for him, and one day he came to our informant with a request, saying that he had been laboring on extra jobs for many years to buy his liberty; that he had first bought his mother's freedom, and (I think) a brother's, and now he had made up the amount for himself—which was quite large, I think $1,200—all but a small sum, and he wanted help in raising this. The German gentleman gave him his quota for this very willingly, and thought no more of it. But soon after, he happened to be in the Exchange, and he saw some little excitement and thronging. He penetrated the crowd and found an auction going on, and, to his surprise, his old friend, the negro man, sitting on the ground, weeping bitterly. On asking the cause of an acquaintance, "Oh," he said, "it's nothing. Mr. So-and-so is selling a prime hand; and the fact is, the poor devil had saved about his price, but of course it wasn't his, and his master seized it and sold him!"

The German asked if that was thought quite the thing. The other intimated that it was rather sharp practice, but said, "Of course, it was perfectly right. The nigger had no right to any property of his own—he got it out of his master's time. Beside, Mr. —— found several hundred dollars hid in the wall of the man's cabin—so that he has made a pretty good thing of it!"

The man was sold off South—and the master pocketed his $2,500, or more, and returned to the calm enjoyment of his patriarchal life. Our German friend asked of others there what they thought of this. It seemed to be looked upon about as we would consider very sharp stock-jobbing—something practiced by very respectable people sometimes, but not illegal, or anything that would much damage a man's social position.

But, reader, just look at this little leaf out of the great black volume of American slavery! Think of the weary hours of labor, after a busy day of work, in which the little sums were slowly accumulated, and then boarded, that made up these twelve hundred dollars. How much self-denial went into them! How many little pleasures and vanities were given up to laboriously win the great gift of Freedom! How the poor fellow must have watched the stock increasing day by day—the number approaching which had in its magic figures the boon of Liberty! How he must have pictured his future life as free; what imaginations and hopes he must have indulged in over this increasing sum! At last the weary days and nights are over—he has raised the full amount—his master's promise is sure—and he will go forth proudly a *free man* to join his kin who are free. He approaches his owner with beating heart and laughing face—lays the sum before him.

The amiable patriarch coolly pockets the money—wrung out in sweat and wakefulness and weariness through many years—and tells him he "will see about it."

Next day, he searches his cabin for any more savings, and then sells him to prevent his giving trouble. Oh, reader! just go off with that heart-broken man away from kin and friends to a distant country, and take that iron of injustice into your own soul. Probably, slavery itself seemed to the poor fellow endurable compared with this—for this was a violation of the custom of slavery, and yet evidently a perfectly natural consequence of the institution. Go down to the cotton-fields of the Carolinas, and bear a little while the curse with this wronged black man! Think with him that there is no righting of such wrongs—that law and society and arms and wealth are on the side of the oppressor. Then consider a society where a man of such transcendent and unspeakable meanness and rascality is honored, or at least is uncensured! Such an incident as this is not a remarkable one. Probably almost every reader of the narrative could give scores, which he has picked up among trustworthy people, showing just as much injustice and far more ferocity.

Yet people hear such things differently. To some, they enter one ear and pass out of the other, or are considered only as we remember the narrative of ferocities in Du Chaillu or Livingstone. But others are not so constituted. Such stories, with them, set the blood on fire. They stamp themselves on the brain in ineffaceable characters. The eye waters and the heart throbs with indignation that such devilish injustice on the weak and the helpless could be perpetrated in one's own land and under this glorious Republic. We gnash our teeth with indignation that we should even live on the soil where deeds like that described above could be committed under the protection of the laws. For many years we have heard these histories of iniquity. They have entered into our very constitution and being, as it were. The shadow of American slavery has fallen upon our whole lives. We could not pray without thinking of them in bonds even as bound with them. The pictures of American glory seemed mockery when we saw this dark background of kneeling, manacled forms. The petition that "thy kingdom should come" seemed useless, while we could do nothing against this organized system of heathenism. So have the natural influences of American slavery been working upon the minds of hundreds of thousands, until they feel and believe that no such horde of pirates and tyrants anywhere exists as a certain portion of the Southern slaveholders. To such minds the barbarities and treacheries of this war have not added a single pulse of indignation to their feelings toward this class. They expected such things; for in what respect is bayoneting a wounded enemy, or filching a public treasury, or betraying one's country, so base or dishonorable as torturing or cheating a helpless slave?

At length, in the providence of God, a fair field has come for striking a death-blow at this gigantic tyranny. Will it be wondered at that all such strive and labor and pray, not merely for the preservation of this government, but most of all for the overthrow of slavery and the restoration of liberty? The smothered indignation of years, now that at length there is a practical vent, bursts forth.

If they speak of the subjugation or extermination of the slaveholders, *as a class*, it is not in the spirit of revenge or personal bitterness, but because such seems the divine providence of retribution, and because they feel the wrongs done to the helpless and the unbefriended.—*C. L. Brace, in The Independent.*

CAVALIERS VERSUS MUDSILLS.

From The Salem (Mass.) Register.

THE supercilious and arrogant tone of the Southern gentry who see nothing mean or dishonorable in appropriating the property, insulting the flag, and proving treacherous to the government of their country has become too well known already. They have abated nothing of their absurd pretensions, but are, if possible, more haughty and conceited than ever. The slave empire which they propose to found is to be domineered over by "gentlemen." Nobody is worthy to live in it, except as a slave, but "gentlemen." All intercourse with the vile Yankees, who are nothing but "mudsills," every one of them, is to be cut off, and Southern "gentlemen" are to live at ease, rioting on the fruits of others' toil, and "the disenthrallment of the South from the vulgar sway of Yankee fanaticism, in every phase, must be accomplished at the risk even of universal annihilation." Not long since the Richmond *Whig* abused the Yankees as little better than Chinese, asserting that "they do not possess one gentlemanly attribute, nor a single talent that qualified them for war. Of the very first element they are destitute. They don't even know how to ride a horse—a talent only to be acquired in youth and *genteel* avocation." The same rebel organ claims that "the right of voting should be a high privilege, to be enjoyed only by those who are worthy to exercise it. In a word, the whole white population of the South should be wrought into a high-toned aristocracy, duly impressed with a sense of its superiority to Yankee trickery, and of its own functions, and its obligations to freedom and civilization." "Gentility" is evidently a passion with these fellows in the foundation of their Arcadia.

They have told us also of the composition of their armies, boasting that "gentlemen" fill their ranks, and not mere hirelings like the Yankees. Fortunately, and as a practical illustration of their bombast and assumption, New York is favored with a specimen in the force captured at Hatteras, and what does the reader imagine these "gentlemen" to be like? The New York papers settle the question. They say that the North Carolinians are proverbial for ignorance, but one of the company muster rolls captured at Fort Hatteras presents an extent of ignorance inconceivable in an enlightened country. The muster roll of the Tar River Rangers contains the names of sixty-four men, only five of whom were able to write their own names; the rest all made their marks. These are the cavaliers who sneer at the Northern "mudsills," among whom there can hardly be found one man in a whole regiment who cannot read and write.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

AT last a blow has been struck which finds an echo in the heart of a whole nation! and will find an echo in the heart of the whole civilized world. The hour has come, and the man!

Fremont's proclamation has in it that genuine military ring—that martial directness, for which the heart of the people in disturbed times always longs. They long for the man without fear—whose sword divides all meshes of compromise, all fine-spun legal doubts and hesitancies—who is not afraid to take the responsibility of a thorough movement in a critical hour—and who does something splendid and decided, while the rest of the world are feebly and perplexedly making up their mind what to do.

Not often has the opportunity of so splendid a deed been given to any one mortal. To right wrong—to uphold law—to give liberty to the slave by one majestic declaration, is the privilege of one in centuries. Fremont has done it—and every heart through the nation leaps up at the news, as the human heart always leaps at what is grand and heroic.

It is true that we did welcome even the acute lawyerlike subtlety which, by naming the slave the contraband of war, took him ingeniously from the grasp of the oppressor. We forgave the fallacy of the figure for its benevolent ingenuity, and the heart of the North warmed toward Butler for using the fine weapons of legal diplomacy on the side of humanity.

All honor to Butler—for while he stooped to call the slave a thing, it was that he might use him as a man. He used the very terms of the Southern law which had stripped the negro of human personality and recorded him a chattel to build a fortress of protection around him, under whose shadow his human rights might be once more restored; and thousands of liberated slaves will bless the name of Butler to their latest day; and when he comes to a dying hour, we question whether all military glory will weigh so much in his eyes as the thought of the human beings he has restored to liberty and manhood.

But it is the noble prerogative of the military chieftain to declare law without subtlety or explanation. Fremont does not call the slave contraband of war. That position, advantageous and ingenious in its day, is now abandoned for higher vantage-ground. Fremont does not even speak of the slave as property. He makes the just distinction: the *property* of traitors he declares confiscated; their *slaves*, if they have any—free. There we have it, fair and square. Out goes his banner! down goes his glove! and if any one does not like it, let him try conclusions, sword with sword—that is all!

Earth shall not look on a sublimer sight than the army of the South and West, with freedom to the slave on its banner, as it shall roll majestically down the Mississippi, with the prayers of the oppressed rising like many waters for its success, and the songs of redeemed ones wakening like birds as it passes.

The hero of the golden gate who opened the doors of that splendid new California world, has long been predestined in the traditions of the slave as their coming liberator. "Fremont and liberty" are words that have been coupled in many a song before now—and Fremont has made good the augury. So far as we have seen and heard, this proclamation has met that universal response which the world always accords to a fitting deed done in the fullness of time.

We longed for a bold step—we sighed for a victory—and we have got it!

It was something to take the shores of North Carolina. Well and gallantly was it done. But this proclamation is a greater victory than that; it will carry with it a swing and impulse—a moral force, which will be felt through all nations.

This will be a burning test of the sincerity of those in foreign lands who have said, All our sympathies are with this war when we shall see that it emancipates the slave. Let us see if it proves so. Let us see if they who carped at Butler, though he freed thousands, because he used the legal technics of slave-law to do it, will now respond to the open trumpet-call of Fremont—declaring liberty at a breath to sixty thousand slaves!

Will they meet this great movement with generous sympathy, or with unworthy detraction? To us, now, the question matters little—to them a great deal. It will show to all the world what manner of spirit they are of!

Let us pray that this heroic declaration of Fremont's find its echo at once in the Eastern army. We have freed a great many slaves and got very little credit for it—we have freed them as it were under protest, by pretext, by ingenious subtleties—now, let us free them martially and with the high hand.

We have had a good lawyer for them, now let us have a good general. The heart of the nation longs to hear in the East just such a trumpet-call as we have heard from the West.—*Mrs. Stowe, in The Independent.*

FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION.

MEN will not fight long and earnestly for an abstraction. The Union was practically destroyed long ago, that is to say, there has not been harmony and good feeling such as is necessary for a *true* Union, for ten years past. The flag is a very pretty thing, but men will not fight long nor hard for it. The enthusiasm which followed the Fort Sumter affair was not caused by the attack on the flag, for the flag had been hauled down from half a score of U. S. forts and revenue cutters, and no outburst of enthusiasm followed; but it was caused by the guns which Anderson fired *at the enemy*, the indications that we had at last made up our minds to fight. The issue is between liberty and slavery, free and despotic institutions, and when we recognize this there will be a fight. When liberty is the animating principle of the North, as slavery is of the South, the two systems will grapple, and Naseby and Marston Moor will be repeated on this continent. "Raids" upon the South, like that at Hatteras Inlet will have to be repeated, and "excursion parties" arranged for the interior plantations before the enemy is brought to terms. The Secretary of State is reported to have recently heaved a profound sigh for John Brown, the preliminary Perham of this new style of excursion. Let men appear, with the courage, devotedness and humanity of John Brown; armed with Fremont's proclamation, as well as with rifles, and organize slavery into loyalty, if the government would save the Union and save the South itself from anarchy and destruction.—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

—A correspondent of *The Tribune* in Cincinnati, on the authority of a young man, formerly a student in Antioch College, who left New Orleans Sept. 4, says: "The sensation produced by Fremont's proclamation was tremendous, and threats against Gen. F.'s life were numerous and loud. No incident of the war has sent such terror through their hearts, and already the difficulties in the way of men leaving their homes, if they happen to be in reach of Missouri lines, to enter the army, are felt. My informant states that in some parishes in Louisiana there are now only about three whites to one hundred slaves left, and that a proclamation of emancipation by the government would *immediately disband the entire Southern forces, and pin every white man to his home instantly.* There is not enough risk of insurrection to keep men from leaving home, a very few watchful and completely armed men being sufficient to prevent conspiracy and collusion among the negroes for any purpose; but a proclamation of freedom to each who may reach the shadow of the United States flag is what the Confederates most fear, and what would resolve the whole Southern army into a Home Guard."

—Since the war began no single act has done so much to strengthen the faltering hopes of our people as the proclamation of Gen. Fremont. It becomes the subject of comment in all circles, and all friends of the Union will applaud, while its enemies dare not revile it. It strikes the pocket. It taxes the traitors to pay for treason. It taxes Missouri to pay for her crimes. Put her upon the auction block, and cry, "to be sold for the crime of slavery," Northern capitalists will bid her off at ten cents on the dollar of her former value, and even then, the sum total will defray a great proportion of the cost of the war. Yes, tax them all their substance; confiscate Virginia, too, for the same use, to pay for her great injustice to the Republic; and nothing will settle this contest so soon and so well. When the whole South is forced to *pay the cost* of rebellion, it will not be to them so fine a thing. Fremont has said they shall pay in Missouri, and "let the galled jade wince."—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

THE STRUGGLE NARROWING TO A CONTEST BETWEEN SLAVERY AND ABOLITION.

[Extract of a letter to the London *Times*, by its Special American Correspondent, Mr. Russell.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10, 1861.

FOR good or for evil the issue between the North and South is rapidly approaching to that which the South predicted and feared, and the North at first disavowed and does not now altogether accept; the struggle, if it continues, will be narrowed to a contest between slavery and abolition. It is not improbable that, in a day or two, the President will declare that all slaves within the lines of the United States army become free. On the very last day of Congress the bill which sets free slaves belonging to rebels engaged in war was signed with reluctance by Mr. Lincoln, and was all but lost by lapse of time, for, had he not been persuaded to overcome his scruples, the Congress would have adjourned without the signature of the President having been given to that act. Indeed, but for the prolongation of half an hour agreed upon, the signature could not have been obtained, as the President at first refused peremptorily to put his name to the bill, alleging that "it will lose us Kentucky"; but there was a pressure of Senators put upon him, and he yielded at last, but ten minutes before the Houses rose. On such occasions the President comes down to his room in the Capitol and affixes his name, or receives official visits of the legislators, and if the clock had not been put back, and the sittings carried on beyond the time agreed upon for the adjournment, this bill could not have been presented to the Senate. But now, after the lapse of a few days, it is said that a step far in advance of that measure will be taken, and that the glove will be thrown down to the South and the Democrats of the North as well. If so, there can be no longer any doubt as to the nature of the fight, or as to the means to be used in it, but it argues the possession of no common courage and self-reliance on the part of the Republicans to offer battle on the question at the very moment that the Democratic Convention of New York has refused to act in common with the Republicans, and when "a peace at any price and compromise if you can party" is beginning to make itself heard in the Northern and North-Western parts of the Union. In revolutions the moderate politicians who start up before the last act of the drama approaches in order to become mediators, or to propose terms to the contending factions, are generally crushed between the upper and the nether millstones; but there are exceptions to that rule—the violent and fanatic sections are sometimes either neutralized, absorbed, or overcome by the *juste milieu.* Much as Americans might wish for such a result, and greatly as European politicians would really desire the reunion of the States by the agency of compromise, it is hoping against hope to expect they will be gratified.

Before Manassas some wonderful combination of good luck and dexterity on the part of "the devil of Compromise" might have led to an adjustment, or a patching up of the torn seams and tattered flag of the Republic. The North could not now in honor submit to amalgamation with all the taint of base metal on her part of the compound. The continent of America could not hold Northern men in the face of defeat, insult, and contempt from the men of the South. As well might the comrade of ancient Pistol hope to live on good conditions with his truculent friends because he had submitted quietly to the pulling of his nose and the kicking of his person as a basis of amity and equality.

HOW THEY DID IN OLD TIMES.

From The Evening Post.

A FEW captious people who take exceptions to the stringent measures of Fremont in Missouri, confiscating the estates of rebels and manumitting their slaves, seem to think that he has done an extraordinary thing. But he has done no more than, and indeed scarcely as much as our fathers did during the revolutionary war. The same measures that he has adopted towards rebels they adopted towards their predecessors, the tories; but they went much further than he has done; and the event proved that, although they were opposed by a small party of moderates, as they were called, they received the general concurrence of the people.

We have before us an old volume, printed in 1792, containing the laws of the State of New York, and principally those passed under the administration of that good old republican, George Clinton. We have been curious to see how the people of the revolutionary age treated the subject of rebellion in connection with slavery, and have turned over its leaves accordingly.

First, then, as to the recreant sons of the State who took part with Great Britain, or who even affected to hold a position of neutrality, the Legislature of New York was very decided and peremptory. In 1778 they dealt with neutrals in this wise: "Whereas, certain of the inhabitants of this State have, during the course of the present cruel war, waged by the King and Parliament of Great Britain against the people of these States, *affected to maintain a neutrality which there is reason to suspect was, in many instances, dictated by a poverty of spirit and an undue attachment to property;* and whereas, divers of the said persons, some of whom advocated the American cause until it became serious, have, notwithstanding the forbearance of their countrymen, and contrary to the faith pledged by their paroles, ungratefully and insidiously, by artful misrepresentations and a subtle dissemination of doctrines, fears and apprehensions, false in themselves and injurious to the American cause, seduced certain weak-minded persons from the duties they owed to their country; and it being repugnant to justice as well as good policy that men *should be permitted to shelter themselves under a government which they not only refuse to assist in rearing, but which they daily endeavor to undermine and subvert,* be it enacted," etc.

1. That all such men be required to take an oath of allegiance, which was prescribed in the act;

2. That if they refuse to take the oath they shall be removed to within the enemy's lines; and

3. If they ever return afterwards they shall be adjudged guilty of misprision of treason.

That is the way they treated neutrals in those days, and it will be seen that they were neither mealy-mouthed nor soft-fingered. Things were called by their right names and criminals treated as criminals.

For open traitors they made no allowance at all. An act of 1779—almost the first on the statute books of New York—proclaimed every one, no matter what his position, who adhered in any way to "the cruel King of Great Britain," the enemy of the State. The more conspicuous men of this class, such as Earl Dunmore, the Colonial Governor, William Tryon, late Governor, Sir John Johnson, knight, Oliver de Lancy, John Harris Cruger, councillors, David Matthews, late Mayor, Charles Inglis, clerk, and Margaret his wife, and many others, were denounced in the statute by name. They were all banished from the State; their property was declared the property of the State; and Commissioners were appointed to administer the forfeitures, *i. e.* to keep a record of the property, real and personal, and in due time offer it for sale. Five years later (1784) another act was passed to expedite the sale of these confiscated estates, and finish up the whole business. It will be seen that the old patriots had no puerile and tender regard for persons who could be base enough to plot the ruin of the republic. If their most intimate friends and neighbors gave aid to the foe, they were classed at once as enemies, and all they owned was taken possession of by the State. It was sold to the highest bidder, with a State guaranty of the deed of transfer.

But among the personal property of the rebels the Commissioners of those days found, what our Generals do now, a great many slaves. New York State was then a slave State; nearly thirty thousand out of its three hundred thousand inhabitants, one-tenth of the population, were bondmen, held to service under laws similar to those which now prevail in the cotton-raising States. They were negroes, who enjoyed no civil rights, and in the eyes of the law were no better than cattle or things. Their labor, like their bodies, was the property of another; none of the privileges of a civilized being was accorded to them, and their lot seemed to be a permanent one—helpless and without hope of change.

The first ray of light cast upon their gloomy position came from the outbreak of the revolutionary war. Men were needed to resist the invaders of the country, and it was then discovered that negroes were men. It was discovered even that they might be made soldiers, and the Legislature of the State of New York in 1781 passing an act to raise two regiments for the defence of its exposed frontiers, provided that slaves might be enlisted with them. It enacted, "that any person who should deliver one or more of his able-bodied male slaves to any warrant officer, to serve in either of the said regiments or in independent corps, should be entitled to the location and grant of one right" in the public lands. This gave a bounty to slave-masters on the enlistment of their slaves; but it enacted further that "such slaves who shall serve for three years or until regularly discharged shall, immediately after such service, be and are hereby declared to be FREE MEN OF THE STATE." Fremont has not yet reached the standard of the fathers of New York.

At the same time the slaves of these rebel masters, whose property had been confiscated, were taken possession of by the State, and supported for a time out of the proceeds of the forfeited estates. But subsequently, by an act passed May, 1786, the able-bodied were manumitted, and the infirm and disabled provided for at the expense of the commonwealth. Here are the words: "Be it enacted, etc., that all negro slaves become the property of the people of the State, by the attainder on conviction of any person whomsoever, and now in possession of the Commissioners of Forfeiture, *be and they are hereby manumitted.*" Again: "That the Commissioners of Forfeitures for the several districts be and are hereby required to provide for the comfortable subsistence of all such slaves as by age and infirmity are become unable to gain a subsistence, at the expense of the people of this State." Those were the just, humane and generous principles which guided the early legislation of the Empire State. Its statesmen were in earnest. They refused to temporize with men who had taken up arms against the nation. They smote them hip and thigh, until success had crowned their efforts and the country was saved. Fremont and Butler have some way to go yet before they overtake the Clintons, the Lansings and the Yateses of our earlier history.

GOVERNOR ANDREW ON THE WAR.

[Extract of a speech delivered recently in New York by John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts.]

IT is not a war to be considered in any narrow, exclusive sense. All nations, climes, kindred and colors shall profit by the lessons of universal freedom which the war shall teach; for it is a war to protect constitutional liberty—liberty for the whole world and all races. . . . . All capable of bearing arms, capable of allegiance, will yet be summoned—unless the blight and blast shall smite the head off every statesman and General in America—shall be summoned to the standard wherever that flag advances (loud applause). It is not my opinion that you will find our Generals, when any man comes to the standard to defend the flag, will find it important enough to light a candle and see what his complexion is, or hunt the family Bible to ascertain whether his grandfather came from the banks of the Thames or the banks of the Senegal (enthusiastic applause). And if they who have attempted to overthrow the national Constitution, which was *their* interest as well as ours, to destroy their American liberty as well as ours, to overthrow the hopes of their posterity as well as ours, to destroy civil society, social life, in their own midst, shall find that their peculiar patriarchal institution, staggering, shall fall beneath their own parricidal blow (cheers), whether they count it a misfortune or not, it will be their own chickens coming home to their own roost, their own fault. If it shall follow, in the good providence of God, that other men besides those of my own peculiar complexion and blood, shall taste the sweets of liberty, God be praised (three cheers for Gov. Andrew). I am glad that this is not heresy in the commercial metropolis (repeated cheers). I suppose that, although we ought not, if peace had been preserved, either to invade, or counsel, or procure the invasion of any constitutional right reserved to any State; yet, when a State and people trample the Constitution itself beneath their feet endeavoring to crush us and our children with it, we may at least have the power, the privilege of praying for the happiness of them all, bond as well as free.

BOLD MEASURES NECESSARY.

Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

BOSTON, Sept. 12.

* * THERE never was so great reason as there is to-day for enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of hope and of self-sacrifice, if not of expectation, and I think there is good reason for this last. We are improving in the efficiency of the army and navy, and what is better, in strength and unity of purpose. This has been the grand deficiency, and now is. We got over a bad difficulty when President Lincoln was persuaded by Bingham, Wade, Wilson, and Sumner, to sign the confiscation bill, against not only his will, but against his apparently fixed intention. I see that Russell has let out the main facts, but there are some details. The bill was carried to the President by Senator Bingham of Michigan, of the committee on enrolled bills. It was in the last half hour of the session, and the adjournment could not be delayed. Bingham took an interest in the bill, and waited to see what old Abe would do with it. The President looked it over carefully and laid it down. "You don't sign this bill, Mr. President?" said Bingham, inquiringly. "No; I am not going to sign it." "Well, then, will you at least veto it, and send it back so we can pass it, if we choose?" "No; I shan't do that." "What are your objections, Mr. President?" "It will lose us Kentucky." "D—n Kentucky!" exclaimed Bingham. The President looked up good-humoredly and retorted, "then d—n you." Harmless and excusable swearing, I am sure, on both sides, if swearing is ever harmless and excusable; as I think it may be. I have often quoted the definition of profanity given by Hiram Dennis, a very bright fellow who died in Concord years ago (he used to edit the Nantucket *Inquirer* and New York Sunday morning *News*, and wrote for the Boston *Post*). "Swearing," said Dennis, "is the unnecessary use of profane language." And I was told a good story of a Quaker lady from Gloucester, a religious woman who met the late Charles F. Hovey at the anti-slavery fair one day. In a confidential way, Hovey told her that his principal bad habits were smoking and swearing. "Charles," said the good woman, "if I was in thy place, I wouldn't smoke; but *swearing* won't hurt thee any." Bingham, it seems to me, had an excuse in the emergency which pressed upon him and the frivolous character, to him at least, of the President's excuse; and old Abe may be pardoned for disliking to hear his native State anathematized. Well; Bingham rallied the Senators, whose names I have mentioned, and perhaps others, and they persuaded the President to sign the bill. I believe Mr. Seward assisted in the good work. The same reluctance to take strong measures, for fear of Kentucky, may be seen in the President's recent letter to Gov. Magoffin. He tells the treacherous Governor, substantially, that he shall not withdraw the United States troops from Kentucky, because, first, they are Kentucky men; second, they do not make any aggressive movements; third, they were placed there at the request of Union men; fourth, the popular voice does not require them to be removed. What are the strict inferences? Why, that if they were *not* Kentucky men, and if the popular voice *should* require their removal, they would be withdrawn. I know the President does not mean this; he does not mean to withdraw them at any rate; but why not deal frankly with the traitors? Has not Senator Seward's letter to Gov. Hicks, which was of the same character, long ago been condemned as inadequate to the occasion? There is an old quatrain about the folly of tenderly stroking the nettle; too old for quotation. The general fact, in regard to all the States North of South Carolina, is that the Union men were timid, negative men, while the secessionists were bold and positive men. One of the latter class is, of course, worth ten of the first, and the only way to save the first was by a reinforcement of armed men and strong governmental measures. The *positivism* of these States must be increased; Virginia, and North Carolina, and Tennessee were lost for want of this, and Missouri, Maryland, and Kentucky will be saved by it, if saved at all. The folly of relying upon mere attachment to the Union and reverence for the Constitution is shown by the history of events in the border States which have gone out of the Union. Large majorities in these States were Union men and Constitution men; but the Union and Constitution had not been able to inspire them with courage and devotion enough to *fight.* The numerical majority, inspired by hatred of the North, base ambition, and devotion to the interests of slavery, overpowered the Union majority without a struggle. And, in my opinion, we of the North have got to have some better watchwords than

Union and Constitution, or we shall not speedily win. I don't object to these, but they are not enough. The Union! To speak plainly, it is a failure. A government which cannot last more than seventy four years is not to be spoken of as the perfection of human wisdom. The Constitution! Why, there is not a political convention or a legislative body which does not call for changes in it. Nobody will pretend that it cannot be made better in a score of particulars. In fact nobody is satisfied with it; the war originated in the dissatisfaction of the slaveholders with it, and the doughfaces, like the New York Democracy, are calling upon us to alter it so as to satisfy the rebels; while the anti-slavery men, if they do their duty, will demand that any reconstruction of it shall embrace the expunging of those clauses which have been made to subserve the interests of slavery. How preposterous to suppose that five hundred thousand Northern men can be made to fight for a Constitution acknowledged to be so imperfect. Only so far as the Constitution and the Union represent good government, liberal principles, civilization, freedom, respectability at home and in the eyes of the world, will they inspire men to fight and pay their money. And there is enough of this, and we are daily hearing more and more of it. It is a strange and melancholy phenomenon, to see men and newspapers straining themselves to convince America and Europe that all this blood and treasure are to be poured out in order that we may bring the government back to the position it was in on the 6th of November last. My dear John Bull, my dear Jean Crapeaud, give us your sympathy and aid, and we will guarantee that we shall be at the end of the war no more respectable than we were in the beginning! Dear anti-slavery public of England, lend us your money, and keep your government from interfering with the blockade, and we promise you that, if we are well out of this scrape, we will go on just as we did under Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Fillmore, and Mr. Polk, catching negroes, making war for slavery, and winking at the slave trade. Don't think we are going to allow this affliction to be "sanctified to our spiritual and everlasting good" (as the mourning notes in old-fashioned churches used to say), for we intend to be just as mean as ever we were. If it were not that Providence, or Destiny, or Events, or what you will, are hurrying us forward and not permitting us to be as dastardly as we profess a design to be, our case would be indeed hopeless. We get small comfort from the great statesmen, but the generals occasionally give them the cue. Witness Butler's letter to Cameron, and Fremont's proclamation of freedom. Mr. Russell tells the world that the issue is rapidly approaching to *slavery* or *abolition*;

"So the great cause flashes by,
Nearer and clearer its purposes open,
While louder and louder the world-echoes cheer us:
Gentlemen, sportsmen, you *ought* to live up to us;
Lift us, and lead us, and hallo our game to us—
We cannot take the hounds off, and no shame to us—
Don't be left staring alone!"

So with a stanza from Kingsley's hunting song, applicable to our men at Washington, I close my protracted growl for this week. WARRINGTON.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NO. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NO. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE DWARFING PROCESS.

ONE of the oddest perversions of human ingenuity is that which leads the Chinese to dwarf the productions of nature from their due proportions. They will give you an oak in a flower-pot, and a fruit tree with its golden burden within the capacity of a girl's baby-house. This they do by subjecting the plants on which they operate to certain belittling influences, which their perverted skill has found out, and which check the nobler growth which their Creator designed for them. This misplaced industry, however, is not regarded by those that exercise it as a fine art of a high order. They do not brag of their diminutive successes as gigantic achievements, and boast that they are better than anything of the sort produced anywhere else or in any other way. Nor do they contend that the process by which these minikin monstrosities are produced is the one which God has especially blest as the one best fitted to develop the qualities of his creatures, and, through such perfection of development, to glorify himself.

The portion of the human family which have their habitation within the broad limits of the United States of America have been made the subjects of minimizing experiments, for seventy years gone by, analogous to those applied by the Chinese to the vegetable world, and, it must be allowed, with eminent success. Our national institutions, and the methods of carrying them out, have been carefully and curiously contrived to see how petty and paltry a race of human beings could be reared, and, certainly, we can boast of some statesmen the smallness of whose moral stature would make the physical littleness of Tom Thumb to look gigantic, could it but be made visible to the naked eye. If anything could be more imperceptible than Fillmore, was it not Pierce? And did not Pierce expand into a Titan when placed alongside of the microscopic moral proportions of his successor? But it was not so much the fault of the men who were thus infinitesimally reduced, as of those who devised the conditions under which they were reared. We must, for the sake of accountability, ascribe to them rather more responsibility for their low estate than can be laid to the charge of the vegetable victims of Chinese ingenuity. But, one thing is sure, they never could have reached that point of minuteness which qualified them to be Presidents of the United States, had they not yielded their natural aspirations to the dwarfing influences to which they were submitted, in common with all their tribe. We have honestly believed that the successor of Buchanan, and the men he had called about him, had escaped, to some good degree, the dwindling tendencies of the political atmosphere in which they have grown up. And we think so still, although the second nature which long custom has made almost instinctive, should display itself in a downward tendency to mean and dirty actions.

From the beginning, almost, if not quite, the necessity of doing the work of slavery, under the pretence that it was the service of liberty, has been the task-work appointed to all our public men, and he who could best discharge it has been, as a general thing, appointed head overseer over the nation. The slaveholders having, without exception, up to last November, appointed the Presidents and dictated the policy and laws of the country, hypocrisy became of necessity the first element of ambition. Slavery had to be served with the hands, while the lips were loud in singing the pæans of liberty. Ingenuity in devising covers and disguises of the Slave Power, so that they should look like the necessities of freedom, was the highest claim that could be urged for political promotion, unless it were active participation in carrying them out. The larceny of Texas was enlarging the area of freedom. The piratical foray into Mexico was the vindication of the outraged rights of our citizens, who had only received their due for their breaches of the laws of the Mexican nation that protected them. The Fugitive Slave law was a just safeguard to the just rights of our Southern brethren, which had been set at naught by Northern fanaticism. The Repeal of the Missouri Compromise was but an assertion of great constitutional principles of Popular Sovereignty, which that arrangement had violated. Perhaps we were wrong in saying that the devisers of these lying formulas were the men our king has delighted to honor. *They* were generally hanged on the fifty cubit gallows. But none wore the robes of honor who were not as bad as they, or worse.

These having been the conditions of political existence in this country, it is a necessity that the moral nature of men who have made politics a business should be deteriorated. The bare fact of having to agree in advance to the right of one man to hold another as a slave, and to his right to have that slave caught by somebody and restored to him somehow by the laws of the nation, must have a degrading effect on any nature submitting to it. We do not here speak of the few who do not so read the Constitution; but of those who have ever held office under it (with the exception of Mr. Gerrit Smith) and of their constituents. The party now in power, as a party, and the men in office, without exception, acknowledge these constitutional rights of the slaveholders, and are ready—at least, they will not refuse—to enforce them if duly called upon. That they have "prejudices," we willingly believe, which they will not "cheerfully conquer"; but it is inevitable that their moral nature should be crippled by the bondage to which they have been forced to submit as the price of their promotion. Such actions as President Lincoln's dilution of Gen. Fremont's wise strength of policy must be looked for as the certain, though in this case not the necessary, consequence of his American birth and education. The shrewdness of the County Court lawyer was called into play to show the distinction between Gen. Fremont's proclamation and the Act of Congress confiscating Rebel property. Are slaves not property? If so, is it to be confiscated? And, if confiscated, can it be done in any other way than the General's proclamation proposes? But when all the influences of the nation, political, social and ecclesiastical, have been contrived to make our public men "dishes of skim-milk," we cannot marvel that it should be hard to stir them to an honorable action.

While we regret this mean obeisance made to slavery by the head of the nation, we believe that it may be attended with results the very opposite of those contemplated in making it. It was extorted, as is well understood, by the threats of the Kentucky Union men, in case slavery were not set apart as a property too sacred to be lost even by treason. The effect intended to be produced was the confirmation of the hearts of the loyal slaveholders; we believe it will be the strengthening of the hands of the rebels. Gen. Fremont's policy was precisely the one likely to prevent the slaveholders from running the risk of the loss of their property. The President's modification of it shows precisely that infirmity of purpose towards them which will make them feel that they run less hazard in serving Davis than Lincoln. Their slaves are to remain slaves (if the President means anything), and, if a peace is conquered by Lincoln, they will naturally revert to them under an Act of Amnesty, while if Davis is victor, their assurance is doubly sure. The Unionism of the Border States is a delusion and a snare. Its quality is tested by this demand of the Kentuckians. If loyal to the government, whence this sensitiveness as to the slaves of traitors? There is no proposition, as yet at least, to free those of loyal men, and none would ever be likely to be made that would not include their compensation, should the necessities of the war demand emancipation. There is no sincerity in the Unionism of slaveholders as a class. And it has been the curse and bane of the country that all the slave States did not join openly in the rebellion, to which they all, as far as they are slave States, secretly wish success and give all the help they dare. Perhaps this very letter of Mr. Lincoln may be the means of sweeping them all into the secession net. Then the nation could act intelligently and consistently, and, whether victorious or defeated, would take its course undistracted by the artifices of its enemies. And the result would be, by emancipation or by separation, a country in which a politician could, by possibility, attain the full stature of normal manhood.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RELATION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS TO SLAVERY. By CHARLES K. WHIPPLE. 12 mo. pp. 247. Boston: R. F. Wallcut, 221 Washington street.

The Anti-Slavery Movement, from its very beginning, has encountered the potent hostility of the Managers of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and Mr. Whipple has done the cause good service in this complete history and exposition of the course of that body in relation to slavery. No other man in our ranks is so complete a master of all the facts, or so well qualified to set them forth with perfect candor and fidelity. His conscientious, pains-taking accuracy is proverbial, and we venture to say that in all these 247 pages he has not made a single statement that can be impeached, or urged as argument anything that is not perfectly fair and legitimate. In place of any further comments of our own, however, we prefer to copy what has been said of the book by *Zion's Herald*, the expositor of New England Methodism:

"We have here a pretty full account of all the proceedings of the oldest American Missionary organization in any way connected with slavery. It is very clearly shown that, in common with nearly all Christian associations in this country, the American Board has treated slavery as though it were a respectable and formidable and fashionable power, which could not be attacked without too great inconvenience and sacrifice; and, therefore, for a long time it was left altogether without rebuke; and when, by the efforts of some faithful ones, it was compelled to declare an opinion, it dealt in such general terms and unmeaning phraseology, as neither displeased slaveholders nor gratified men of sound conscience. It is also shown that American Indians under the instruction of the missionaries of this Board, were not forbidden to hold slaves, that the practice really increased as one consequence of their *Christianization*, and that, finally, when the Board was compelled to meet this matter squarely, it gave up the mission to the Cherokees, on the ground that they were already a Christian people, though at this time but a small portion were members of the Churches, and they held more slaves than ever before. It is also shown that a Protest of some of the Sandwich Island missionaries against slavery was suppressed, and that, in various ways, the Board was in subjection to this great sin. When we consider that the American Board originated in the North, and always received nearly all of its contributions from the free States, these facts seem doubly humiliating. It is useless to deny the facts. The best thing the American Board and the Northern Churches generally can do, is to confess their sins, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, trusting in the grace of a sin-pardoning God. The book is a valuable contribution to American Ecclesiastical History."

MADAME DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS, FOR THE FALL OF 1861, contains new and elegant designs for dresses, cloaks, waists, sleeves, bonnets, trimmings, etc., including children's garments in great variety, and large and elegant steel and colored fashion plates. This work is published four times a year, with designs adapted to each of the four seasons. The number before us is the most elegant of its kind that we have yet seen.

"THE VOICE OF CHRISTIAN ENGLAND TO AMERICA FOR EMANCIPATION" was the subject of a powerful discourse, delivered by Dr. Cheever to a crowded auditory, on Sunday evening last, in the Church of the Puritans. It was a masterly exhibition of the reasons, political as well as moral, which should lead the government of the United States, under the War Power, to proclaim the emancipation of the slaves, and a most striking exposure of the guilt and danger incurred in the refusal to perform this plain duty. We believe that Dr. Cheever carried with him in his argument the full sympathy of his audience, and it is to be regretted that they did not have an opportunity to pronounce judgment in the passage of a resolution endorsing the doctrine so powerfully enforced and illustrated. We shall probably publish the discourse in full next week, as the best means in our power of aiding in the formation of that Righteous Public Sentiment through which we may hope to guide the action of the government.

THE WAR—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.—Our friends in Vermont will be glad to know that A. T. Foss is to make a lecturing tour of six weeks in that State, commencing at West Randolph, Sept. 22d. His marked ability, long-continued, self-sacrificing, and unwearied devotion to the cause of impartial freedom, entitle his word to thoughtful attention in a crisis like the present. Let his meetings everywhere be crowded, that the people may learn THE CAUSE of this accursed "Slaveholders' Rebellion," and how it may be brought to a speedy, final, and glorious termination.

THEODORE WELD's well known school at Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, has passed into the hands of Prof. Wisewell, formerly of Yonkers. The institution is to be conducted in future as a Military School. Mr. W. believes that, while the military order is best for maintaining the discipline of schools, it invigorates the frame, mends the carriage, and imparts habits of punctuality, quickness, courtesy, and submission. Military drill is to be made a special feature of the outdoor exercises of the school.

WELCOME TO DR. CHEEVER.

Meeting of his Parishioners and Friends.

ON Thursday evening, Sept. 12th, the parishioners and friends of the Rev. Dr. CHEEVER, several hundred in number, assembled at the house of the Rev. S. R. Davis, No. 18 East Twenty-eighth street, to welcome him and his wife on their safe return from England. The occasion was one of very deep interest in relation to the anti-slavery cause, and we shall make no apology for reporting the proceedings at some length.

Of the leading and influential clergymen and laymen of the Congregational denomination not one was present! With all their professions of anti-slavery, they were not inclined to do honor to a brother identified with the promulgation and defence of uncompromising abolitionism—to one who had branded slaveholding as sin and faithfully rebuked the American Church and Ministry for their complicity therewith. The meeting was composed of the parishioners of Dr. Cheever, who have stood by him through all his trials, and of such clergymen and laymen of his own or other denominations as desired to testify their appreciation of his fidelity and their sympathy with him in the persecution which he has suffered from open foes and false friends.

The parlors were hung with portraits and mottoes suitable to the occasion. The one that first met the eye on entering was a large full length photograph of the man all had come to greet and honor. The words above it were, "Persecuted, but not forsaken." On one side, "For we have found this man a pestilent fellow." "Who also hath gone about to profane the temple." On the other, "For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment." The portrait of Gen. McClellan bore the inscription, "McClellan and the Sabbath of the Lord our God." Over the portrait of the commander of the forces in the West was inscribed, "Fremont and free men"; beneath, "And he shall let go my captives, not for a price nor a reward, saith the Lord of Hosts." With a small portrait of Dr. Cheever were the words, "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." A picture of the Church of the Puritans hung between the words (above), "The fortress of the Puritans"; (below), "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal." Over the model of a ship on the mantel, "Stringham and the Navy contrabands." Under John Brown's picture, "The year of jubilee has come!" Under Anderson's picture, "The hero of Fort Sumter, I go, but I return."

The Chapel of the Ferris Institute, adjoining Mr. Davis's residence and communicating therewith by a door, was the place appropriated to the ceremonies of Reception. The wall behind the platform was decorated with the American flag. On the right hand appeared this quotation from Bunyan, supposed to embody the welcome of the Church to their Pastor: "Welcome, welcome! good evangelist; the sight of thy countenance brings to our remembrance thy ancient kindness and unwearied labors for our eternal good. How desirable is thy company to us poor pilgrims." On the left the Pastor's response in another quotation from the same author: "Right glad am I, not that you have met with trials, but that you have been victorious, and for that you have, notwithstanding many weaknesses, continued in the way to this very day." On the desk was a splendid boquet of flowers.

At 8 o'clock the guests filed into the Chapel and took their seats. Mr. Davis proposed that DEXTER FAIRBANK, Esq., take the chair, to which the meeting gave its hearty assent. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. S. H. TYNG, D.D., Rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, who invoked "peace only on the ground of righteousness and obedience to God," and entreated that every yoke might be broken and the oppressed set free.

The President made a few appropriate remarks, explanatory of the objects of the meeting, and called upon HENRY A. HARTT, M.D., who, on behalf of the Church of the Puritans, read the following

Address to Dr. Cheever.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., *Rev. and Dear Sir:*

EVER since your departure for Europe, in accordance with your last admonition, we have not failed to remember you continually in our prayers, nor to "trust in God that our rejoicing would be more abundant in Jesus Christ for you, by your coming to us again." And now that our hopes are realized, and we see you once more in our midst, we cannot express to you the emotions of joy and gratitude which fill our hearts. We bid you welcome! Welcome to your native land! Welcome to the scenes of your former labors and triumphs! Welcome to the Church of the Puritans—its leadership, its services, its fellowship, its toils, its reproaches for the cause of Christ, its undying love! Your absence, though protracted long beyond the term originally proposed, we have cordially approved, because we have been satisfied that it was ordered by unerring wisdom, for the promotion of objects of paramount importance. Indeed, although we can but dimly scan the complicated and mysterious ways of Providence, yet we feel assured that all our trials and persecutions have been a necessary and most salutary discipline for ourselves, and have served to advance immeasurably the great cause of truth and humanity, to which we are devoted. While, therefore, we would not abate one jot or tittle of the censure and condemnation due to those who, by irregular protests, and base misrepresentations, have labored to impede our progress, and counteract our plans, but would hold them rigidly responsible for their acts, we would gratefully recognize the hand of Him who has turned their counsels into foolishness.

We congratulate you upon the result of your labors in Great Britain. Our sympathies have been profoundly called forth by the malignant opposition with which you have been pursued, from the moment of your arrival, on the part of those who, from every consideration of honor, principle, ecclesiastical association, and anti-slavery profession, should have been your steadfast friends and supporters. We have marvelled that you have been able, single-handed, in a foreign land, to bear up against such an impetuous and overwhelming tide of calumny and slander. But God who searcheth the heart has sustained you, and has made this very opposition the means of enlightening the British Churches with regard to the rightfulness of your position, and the terrible extent to which the Church in the Northern States is implicated in the sanction and support of slavery.

The substantial testimonials which you have received from all classes of British Christians, in spite of the efforts of your enemies, furnish sufficient evidence of their appreciation of your claims, as well as of their deep and cordial sympathy with the cause of the enslaved.

In the midst of your labors in behalf of your Church, you were startled by the news of the Southern rebellion, and with the impulse of a Christian patriot you at once laid aside all personal considerations and devoted yourself to the cause of your country. When the British government and people were naturally perplexed and confounded by the anomalous and contradictory policy of the North on the subject of slavery, you threw yourself into the arena and pointed out to them that, however faulty and defective her measures had been, at least her spirit, aims, and purposes were against it, while the South, with unparalleled audacity and wickedness, was seeking to establish a republic of which this gigantic system of iniquity should form the only basis and the chief corner-stone. You demonstrated by irresistible argument that, whatever the result of the rebellion might be, or whatever course the government of the United States or any other government might adopt, in no circumstances, and under no pretence could they recognize such a republic, without a gross contradiction and falsification of all their anti-slavery acts and professions during the last fifty years. With the fidelity and frankness which have ever characterized your utterances to your own countrymen, you referred them to the imperishable records of history, and said: "Let it be remembered that even in America, and by the example of an American New England State, you were first taught, the world was first taught, the duty of immediate and entire emancipation. Massachusetts, the noble old Bay State, that is now pouring forth from farms and workshops its thousands of freemen to fight the battle for the enslaved, was the first State in the world that abolished slavery, before you, in this country, had undertaken to abolish the slave trade. Let it be remembered that when the Colonists themselves desired to abolish the slave trade, and prevent it from ever being renewed, your own monarch forbade the accomplishment of this intention. Even in Virginia, as early as 1774, it was declared by the inhabitants that 'the abolition of domestic slavery is the greatest object of desire in these Colonies, where it was unhappily introduced in their infant state. But our frequent attempts to exclude all further importations from Africa have been hitherto defeated by his Majesty's negative; thus preferring the immediate advantages of a few African corsairs to the lasting interests of the American States, and to the rights of human nature, deeply wounded by this infamous practice.' And Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, enumerated this forcing of the slave trade upon the Colonists by his Britannic Majesty as one of the just causes of our Revolutionary War."

It is sad to think that our early promise should have been so speedily blighted, and that they who were so slow and laggard at the outset should have outstripped us so far in the great work of emancipation. May we not hope that they will stand firm in this crisis, and in spite of all fancied interests, political and commercial, will remain true to the cause of freedom and humanity?

At the time of your departure, the Church, as you know, was in the midst of a terrible conflict. A minority, professedly anti-slavery in sentiment, but bitterly opposed to our course as Abolitionists, in demanding immediate and entire emancipation, had conspired to remove you from the pastorate, and take possession of the church edifice. They labored incessantly for this purpose, employing every means that human subtlety could devise: but God gave us wisdom and courage to withstand them at every step, till finally their names were erased from the roll. We violated no commandment of Scripture, or usage of Congregationalism, but simply maintained the principle that the majority should rule, and contended as earnestly, vigorously, and persistently for the right, as our opponents did for the wrong. We have held that a minority have a right to a free discussion, and protest, but that when they are clearly overruled, they should cheerfully submit, or withdraw; that they have no right to keep up a perpetual agitation and strife; that if they attempt to do so they become schismatics, and deserve instant and rigorous discipline. The fault of the Church of the Puritans has not consisted in intolerance and rashness, but in the undue exercise of patience and forbearance. The summary suspension which has elicited so much animadversion should have been accomplished several months before. No ecclesiastical law would have been broken thereby, while great injury to the Church and scandal to the cause of Christianity would have been prevented.

The minority, finding that the Church could neither be cajoled nor intimidated, summoned an *ex-parte* Council to extricate them from their dilemma. The Church refused to recognize it, in any form. It was, therefore, restricted to *ex-parte* testimony. Yet, upon this testimony did the Council proceed to give a solemn opinion against the Church, denouncing it as disorderly and tyrannical, and did even go so far as to recommend other Churches to withdraw fellowship from it. Did ever Pope or Star Chamber attempt a more presumptuous usurpation, or a more odious despotism? We protest against the whole course of this Council, as an encroachment upon the spiritual independence of a Christian Church. According to the Scriptures, and to the theory of Congregationalism, the sole right and authority to manage and control its own spiritual affairs are vested in each individual Church.

We are aware that an attempt has been made to relieve the Council from the odium of a purely *ex-parte* investigation, by the pretence that it had enjoyed the opportunity of consulting "published documents." But we have the authority of one of its own members for the affirmation, that the only documents on the subject which had been *published by the Church*, were not presented, or if presented, were not read. But we have no wish or design to protract this discussion. A higher and nobler work demands our energies and cares. To this great work—the advancement of the kingdom of Christ in the salvation of men—we would consecrate ourselves anew. Nor would we be unmindful that, in its prosecution, we are especially called upon at this hour to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." The national crime which you have so faithfully rebuked has culminated in civil war. The judgments which you have foreseen with the clearness of a death-bed vision, and of which you have so earnestly forwarned us as the inevitable result of further persistence in upholding and sanctioning human slavery, have already come. The North and South, in their irrepressible conflict, have been suddenly and abruptly brought to their death-grapple; but the North, still true to its ruling passion, mourns over the misfortunes of its *loyal brethren*, and shudders at the thought of laying the weight of its finger upon *vested rights*. It dreams of a restoration of the Union upon its old basis, with slavery sustained as before, or perhaps still further guarded and fortified by new guaranties. Even the friends of the slave seem for the moment to be partially paralyzed, and inclined rather to wait for the salvation of God than to use vigorously and joyfully the golden opportunity, and all the mighty agencies which He has offered them.

In this crisis we hail your return with peculiar hope and joy. We are assured that no undue reliance upon the force of circumstances, nor considerations of expediency, will restrain you for a moment, but that, as heretofore, planting yourself on the Word of God, you will faithfully declare His truth, and demand of the people and government that now, when His hand is stretched forth to avenge the wrongs of the oppressed, they shall recognize His authority as supreme above all human compacts, constitutions, laws, and policies, and shall in obedience to Him, and from motives of justice and humanity, proclaim "liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

A sermon appeared in a recent number of *The Independent*, from the pen of a clergyman of high reputation as a champion of the anti-slavery cause, in which we find the following statement:

"We hoped, by constitutional and legal methods, to restrain the influence of slavery in national affairs, and circumscribe its territory, and then await those inevitable laws of commerce and social policy which, making it impolitic, unprofitable, burdensome, would destroy it. This was my hope. I had great faith that God, by natural agencies, would destroy slavery. I had hoped that by keeping slavery where it is, by drawing the legal and constitutional line, and saying, 'Thus far you may come, but no further shall you come'; by prescribing its bounds, and leaving it to the operation of natural causes—I had hoped that so we might get rid of it. I had hoped that the free labor of the world, the growing industries of the Indies and the British Empire, would destroy it. And Great Britain, though she is selfish, is sagaciously so, and she knows that liberty makes ten customers where bondage makes one. And in the main she favors emancipation and liberty the world over, because it makes the loom nimble. And commerce is one of those things that wish manufacturing to have a world-wide consumption, a market that cannot be glutted. I had hoped that under the influence of Great Britain and France, and other countries, slave labor would become unprofitable. You know what winds up the conscience on the subject of slavery. Let slaves be worth only $150 a head, and you could not find a text in the Bible on which to build an argument for slavery, nor a fool in a pulpit that would attempt to make the argument; but raise the value of slaves to an average of from seven hundred to a thousand dollars a head, and though on every text there stood an angel with a flaming sword, denouncing injustice, men would make each passage prove that the institution was of divine origin. I had hoped, therefore, that the golden key that wound up the conscience would drop, and then if we held slavery to its present place, time, God's laws, and those great decrees which work silently but inevitably till they reach final results, would destroy it. In this we are overruled."

From this frank declaration it seems that the hope of its author in ultimate emancipation rested chiefly, if not entirely, upon the doctrine of profit and loss. He has declared that slavery is a hideous system of iniquity, but has held, we believe, in common with the great mass of anti-slavery men in the country, that the Constitution guarantees to each State the sovereign right to establish it at pleasure, and that, therefore, the people were bound to leave it unmolested wherever it existed. Bound, that is to say, to do wrong! Bound to disobey God in deference to man! Bound to aid in assassinating the manhood of a whole race of strangers, and in robbing them of all their natural rights, in order to fulfil an *implied understanding* in a compact made by the founders of the government more than seventy years ago, rather than carry out its obvious spirit, and a rigid construction of its letter in favor of liberty, justice, and right! No wonder we find in this sermon the admission that "our counsels have all been brought to naught, and it stands confessed to-day that societies, and parties, and Churches, and Legislatures, and States, and the nation, are brought dumb and silent before God, and that every one of their ways of wisdom has been proved to be utter folly. * * * There have been many such men, and they have developed various plans and schemes by which slavery should be abated and done away with; and every one of these plans and schemes, thus far, has been apparently overruled by a Divine and Supreme wisdom." The ways of wisdom which have been proved to be utter folly, were simply ways of human expediency. The plans and schemes which God has overruled, were plans and schemes of human selfishness. God never contradicts Himself, nor does He overrule His own plans. Can any man in his senses believe that God's original and normal method for the removal of slavery in this land, was this horrid, fratricidal war? No! Long ago, He made known His will, but societies, Churches, parties, Legislatures, States, and the nation, for the most part, despised and rejected it. His plans and schemes were scouted as fanatical and absurd. His command was to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free; but the people of this free, enlightened, Christian Republic, stiff-necked and rebellious, and a thousand-fold more guilty than the Egyptian tyrant of old, disdainfully refused. But if the people are guilty, what shall we say of the priests who have misled and perverted them? What shall we say of those among them who have made the Bible the grand bulwark of slavery? What of those who, with a full knowledge of the sinfulness of the system, have deliberately practised and counseled an entire suppression of the truth? What of those who, while they have professed the warmest zeal for the anti-slavery cause, have denounced Abolitionism as fanaticism? What of those who, occupying the position of leading and popular champions of freedom, have assented to the literal observance of what are regarded as the compromises of the Constitution, and declared their policy to be the permission of slavery to remain where it was until it should disappear under the silent operation of *natural agencies?*

A striking contrast to the commercial theology of the sermon from which we have quoted, is presented in an essay on the Signs of the Times, by Thomas Carlyle. He says:

"Strange as it may seem, if we read history with any degree of thoughtfulness, we shall find that the checks and balances of Profit and Loss have never been the grand agents with man; that they have never been roused into deep, thorough, all-pervading efforts by any computable prospect of Profit and Loss, for any visible, finite object; but always for some invisible and infinite one. The Crusades took their rise in religion; their visible object was, commercially speaking, worth nothing. It was the boundless, invisible world that was made bare in the imaginations of those men; and in its burning light the visible shrunk as a scroll. Not mechanical, nor produced by mechanical means, was this vast movement. No dining at Free-masons' Tavern, with the other long train of modern machinery; no cunning reconciliation of 'vested interests' was required here; only the passionate voice of one man, the wrapt soul looking through the eyes of one man, and rugged, steel-clad Europe trembled beneath his words, and followed him whither he listed. In later ages it was still the same. The Reformation had an invisible, mystic, and ideal aim; the result was indeed to be embodied in external things; but its spirit, its worth, was internal, invisible, infinite. Our English revolution, too, originated in religion. Men did battle in those days not for purse sake, but for conscience sake. Nay, in our own days, it is no way different. The French revolution itself had something higher in it than cheap bread and a *habeas corpus* act. Here, too, was an idea—a dynamic, not a mechanic force. It was a struggle, though a blind and at last an insane one, for the infinite, divine nature of right, of freedom, of country. Thus does man in every age vindicate, consciously or unconsciously, his celestial birthright. Thus does nature hold on her wondrous, unquestionable course, and all our systems and theories are but so many froth-eddies or sand banks which from time to time she casts up and washes away. When we can drain the ocean into our mill ponds, and bottle up the force of gravity, to be sold by retail, in our gas jars, then may we hope to comprehend the infinitudes of man's soul under formulas of profit and loss; and rule over this too, as over a patent engine, by checks, and valves, and balances."

But faith in mechanism grows stronger and stronger, and among the leaders of this nation, both clerical and political, has become well nigh immovable. It is amusing to see, when the theory of profit and loss is suddenly swept away by the finger of Providence, with what confidence the advocates of freedom seize hold of the war as the sure and certain means of fulfilling their expectations. Through its triumphs or reverses, or through some mighty events which it shall call forth, slavery, they say, shall receive its mortal stab. But such speculations are illusory and dangerous. All history warns us against them. The mistakes of the revolutionary fathers, of Webster and Clay, of all the most venerated authorities of the nation in Church and State, command us to reject them. For aught we know, the war, if prosecuted much longer on its present basis, may end in riveting still firmer the fetters of the slave, and even in levelling to the dust the sacred temple of our own liberties. Our trust must be in Truth, in the resistless force of those great Ideas of God, Justice, Humanity, Charity, Eternal Retribution, which Christianity embodies, applied to the understanding and conscience of the masses. The immortal authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, in a recent publication, has rightly said:

"Let the President of the United States proclaim that all men shall hereafter be declared free and equal, and that the services of all shall be accepted without regard to color. Some are shocked at black regiments—they are shocked too late. The question is not, shall there be black regiments? but shall they fight on our side or the side of our enemies? One of the returned Massachusetts men testifies to having fought with a company of black soldiers in the Confederate army, and they fought like tigers. Perhaps they fought under promise of emancipation—for that very freedom which we had power to give them, and did not give. We may rest assured, if we delay till we alienate the blacks, that the enemy will find means to turn them against us as effectively as they have done hitherto. Who dug the trenches and raised the masked batteries before which so many Northern men lie dead? The negroes. Why were the Southern forces fresh and ours weary? They had the negroes to do their hard work. We have then no choice but to conquer with the negroes—to conquer by a glorious act of generosity and justice that shall make our cause go by acclamation through the world—or to fall under the very hoofs of the men whose wrongs we would not right, and whom God will justly make our punishers.

"The poor blind Samson in our land is still an awful and a fateful power, and all the horoscope of our destiny is affected by him. Let every one ponder this. Now is the time—the accepted time. Now emancipation can be given as a gift—by and by it will seem to be wrung out as a cowardly expedient. Let the people petition the government—let them demand that this mighty weight shall be cast into our scales now."

The government will act in this matter in accordance with the well-understood wishes of its constituents. In the name of God, then, we bid you go forward! Preach the Word. Be instant in season and out of season. By pureness, by knowledge, by love unfeigned, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by all the powers of persuasion, by argument, by entreaty, by pathos, by sarcasm, by fiery denunciation, by reiterated blows with the hammer of Divine Truth, we call upon you to carry home to the hearts of the people the true interpretation and design of those terrible judgments which are now abroad in the land, that they may feel and recognize without delay the imperative duty and necessity of immediate and entire emancipation.

And now we avail ourselves of this memorable occasion to renew to you our pledges of sympathy and support. Though few in number, and by no means rich in earthly treasures, we are at least united in those great principles of Truth and Freedom for which the Church of the Puritans has so long and so earnestly struggled; and we assure you that whatever may be the result of your labors, you may ever count upon our Christian affection and cordial coöperation. We know that the task assigned you is arduous and difficult. We know that enemies beset you on every side. We know that mountains of prejudice lie directly in your path. But still we bid you take courage, for your cause is the cause of God, of Truth, of Humanity, of true civilization, of free government, of primitive Christianity. In such a cause you would have no reason to falter even though you stood alone; for, in the words of an eminent author, "one man that has a higher wisdom, a hitherto unknown spiritual truth in him, is stronger, not than ten men that have it not, nor ten thousand, but than *all* men that have it not, and stands among them with a quite ethereal, angelic power, as with a sword out of Heaven's own armory, sky-tempered, which no buckler, and no tower of brass, will finally withstand." And, more than all, the servant of Christ has ever that great promise to cheer him on, and assure him of victory—"Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

Dr. Cheever's Response.

Dr. CHEEVER replied: I am truly thankful to God for his loving kindness in sparing us and permitting us the great and precious privilege of meeting my dear people and our beloved friends under such circumstances this evening. But everywhere, in all our wandering, we have continually looked back to our dear Church, and remembered that most solemn and interesting day and hour when we parted from you. Many of those here present to-night were there upon the deck of the May Flower, while I stood upon the paddle-wheel of our great steamer, and we mutually waved our flags. It was a season of great interest to us, and solemnity even, and I have been told that it was so to all our dear friends on board that steamer. We then felt—I really cannot express to you the feelings, I had almost said the gloom, that oppressed my own mind and heart in reference to the wide space that was to be between us, and the time we were to be separated, and the circumstances under which this separation was taking place. For a little time it seemed as though a gloomy shadow was thrown down upon our hearts, but it soon was dissipated, and we could only remember your affectionate kindness and prayers. We felt that they were following us. We believe that, through their intercessions, we are now brought back in peace and safety. But everywhere, our hearts, as Goldsmith has said in his exquisite poem, untravelled, have still returned to you, not only to our native land and home, but to our dear, tried, afflicted Church and people. And scarcely is there a record of history, except in the annals of martyrdom, of a Church that has passed through such terrible trials as those of my own. And yet God has spared us, and we are here to-night to thank God for his goodness in that we still live. I am reminded of the old reformer's answer to the popish priests, when he had been taken violently ill and expected to die; they would have administered extreme unction to him had he allowed them to do so, but on being supported by his friends so as to rise upon his pillows, he exclaimed, in a strong voice: "I shall not die, but live, and declare again the evil deeds of the friars." Really, I cannot help to-night calling to mind this noted reformer, and applying it to my own beloved Church. There was a time when we did not know, even if spared to come back, that we should find the old Church. But, thank God, you live for liberty, for Christ, live to fight the great battle of the Lord, which is being fought in this country under circumstances that have never been rivalled. But I find that I shall be in danger of exceeding the very brief limits I had appointed myself. And I secure the texts of Scripture, first of all, upon which my mind has been turning. And, singularly enough, to-night, when I asked my brother for a Bible, I found it open at this very passage: "Thou shall weep no more: He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear thee, He will answer thee. And, though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers; and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying: This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." Now, I do not know that this was the passage which my dear brother Davis had in view, as I suppose from finding the leaf turned down. But there it is. I was looking, however, for some other passages, one of which has weighed much upon our minds when abroad, while hearing, from time to time, as well as sending communications to my own people. For a season we were in great discouragement and distress, learning the condition of things in this country. Learning the tide of opposition and animosity against this beloved Church, we did not know but it was to be swept from existence—overthrown completely. We did not know, we could not tell, but that every human being on this side of the water would desert us. We did not know but that we should find a Church of the Puritans. But we were encouraged after a season, when we learned of your action, and of your patience and forbearance continued, that we on the other side of the water and my brethren in the ministry felt that your forbearance had ceased to be a virtue—that you had done wrong in exercising that forbearance so long toward those who were acting so unchristian, disorderly, and schismatic a part in the midst of you. But I will not dwell on that. Here is a text that we felt the power of: "Therefore, brethren, we were comforted over you in all our affliction and distress by your faith: for now we live if ye stand fast in the Lord." That is the thing. That is what we felt deeply. That is what I felt through all these struggles, and through the battle I had to fight on the other side of the water against foes on this side sending their messages of misrepresentation almost by cartloads—sending them to men who had never heard of the existence of their authors before—stereotyping and sending them on the other side to prevent our attaining the sympathy and support of other Christian Churches in behalf of a Church in this country struggling for existence in the service of Christ. Reference has been made this evening to that beautiful passage in the Epistle of the Philippians: "That your rejoicing may be more abundant in Jesus Christ for me by my coming to you again." Well, there is one of Paul's caveats that follows this, that we might every one of us lay to heart, myself and dear people united. Notice, that he introduces it by an *only*, as though that was all that was necessary to have that performed faithfully and completely. And here it is: "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ; that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel; and in nothing terrified by your adversaries; which is to them an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation, and that of God. For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake." Now, I declare to you in my conscience, that we may, as a Church and people, apply this among the most precious of texts bearing promise upon their richly-laden wings; and applying it to ourselves, I do know that we have in a very little measure been permitted to suffer for Christ—for the sake of his poor, forsaken, his oppressed ones. I do know—I cannot say with certainty of myself—but I do know this of the Church of the Puritans, that theirs is sincerely and truly this precious privilege—that they have been suffering beyond all question for Christ, for the Gospel, for His sake—for His sake in the persons of those so dear to Him—the four millions of the enslaved in this country.

Now, this has been the burden, to-night, of the eloquent and most affectionate address to which it has been our privilege to listen, and for the sentiments of which I heartily thank my beloved brethren. This has been the burden, after all, this particular direction of the Gospel, in this way, to this particular labor that has been laid upon us—and the proclamation of the Gospel, especially in regard to slavery—this great sin of our country. And I was struck with an expression in the prayer of our beloved and venerated brother to-night, when he stated something of this kind. He prayed that we might oppose whatever we might meet in our ministry that opposed itself against the Gospel. This is the thing. It truly belongs to the Gospel to remove obstacles out of the way to success, if they present themselves, of whatever nature they may be. And he alluded at the same time to the great declaration of Paul: "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." Now, this stronghold of Satan, this iniquity, this oppression, in which the whole country is in complicity, and the North more guilty in complicity than the South, is the great obstacle to the progress of the Gospel. We cannot turn aside to get round it. We cannot avoid, if we are faithful to Christ, meeting it with his weapons. Really, in the use of the truth in this manner, and the terrible opposition it has raised—the wrath, the fury, the unceasing strife—I have called out with the prophet, "Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife, and a man of contention in the whole earth." I said I will not mention the word of the Lord any more. I will withdraw from this terrific conflict. For if men will not hear the truth, I am not bound to make myself a martyr in this way. Again and again have I felt the temptation to end this duty, and go to some quiet place where I might lead a flock in green pastures and beside still waters. But no; "Thy word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." And you know the prophet goes on to tell us what is in his soul, which, I suppose, is the experience of many now. There is but one way in which God lays his hands upon us, though at the same time we are made sensible of our complete unfitness and nothingness in ourselves. But though we continually incline to run away from this warfare, yet there is no escape from it; it is Woe is me if I do not preach the Gospel in this particular direction which God has so plainly marked out. But our power must be of God.

Dr. Cheever continued, that there should be prayer in behalf of the enslaved, and in behalf of the Administration and the leaders of our armies—not merely in reference to the crushing out of the rebellion, but in reference to the slave. The confession of our sins was what God called for. Nothing had more painfully affected him than the finding, after a year's absence, such a hubbub and confusion of conflicting voices and counsels, and political guessings and questionings, and what not, and scarce any evidence anywhere of a united looking up to God, or the earnest inquiry, What will God have us to do? No man seemed to be thinking of that in reference to the slaves. But the slaves were the sole ground for this war; the slaves were the sole reason why God had risen in this matter. He had not risen to crush this rebellion against the United States, though the whole country was dear to Him; but he had come to crush this rebellion against Himself, in not letting the oppressed go free. And yet it was the latest declaration of government that emancipation cannot and shall not be made the object of this war; that when the rebellion is crushed, then the Southern slaveholders shall be restored to their rights and power. There was not a man in the United States who could deny it. [Dr. Cheever then spoke of the feeling in England in regard to this subject, but as this will be fully discussed in his sermon of Sunday, to be published next week, it is here omitted.] The very proclamation of the President calling for a fast did not even intimate that there was such a sin as slavery in this country. If we waited for "the force of circumstances" to abolish slavery, we ourselves would get abolished before that purpose was accomplished. T. F. Buxton had put on record the declaration that we must stick fast to our claim for immediate and total emancipation *as our right*. Taking care of the slaves was the only true way of sustaining the government. If we did not take care of the slave, then God would not take care of us. In the North and East, it was the one feeling that was impressing everybody, but hardly a person dare speak of it; but while they attempt it, and with bated breath, scarce above a whisper, are getting ready to utter it, there comes along an orator like Mr. Holt of Kentucky, who speaks of the claims of Kentucky to be sustained in her constitutional rights in reference to her peculiar institution! And the authorities at Washington answer, we must be silent in regard to this matter. If we attempt to admit such a doctrine as this idea of proclaiming freedom to all the inhabitants of the land, *we should lose Kentucky!* If the claims of freedom, justice, humanity—the claims of the enslaved—are to be thus put aside, then they needed no prophet's ken to know what would be set down in the history of this country—infamy! infamy!

Dr. Cheever closed with expressing a delight and gratitude for the privilege of seeing so many who had come [illegible] him; alluded to the stirring notes of Dr. Tyng heard clear across the Atlantic, when he stood up in the Church of the Puritans, and in Boston, and rebuked the crime of slavery, and spoke kind words of cheer and sympathy to him and his Church. The words went out all over the land. From the bottom of his heart he thanked Dr. Tyng for those noble words. Dr. Cheever was frequently cheered during the course of his address.

Remarks of Dr. Tyng.

DR. TYNG then rose and said: I had rather be silent with regard to any such unmerited reference to myself as my beloved brother has made. I had no idea of exercising any influence. I never thought of influence. But it is not in me to see a brother treated with indignity and not resent it. Still less a brother man, without remonstrance. [illegible] brother is a man I have known for many years, however much my judgment might have differed from his in different things, when I have seen him stand like a light-house on a dark shore—a light that never revolved, that never went out, that needed no trimming or filling by man—to hear others rebuke and revile him, I could no more cease from testifying than I could cease from breathing. Therefore, I claim no merit. If God ever made my poor [illegible] a messenger to carry a message of peace to him, God be praised. If God ever permitted me to refresh him in the morning or in the evening, God be praised. I do not know [illegible] first righteous step (applause). That we shall [illegible] more emphatically than he has spoken it to-night [illegible] we shall take one successful step [illegible] in, in my judgment, impossible. [illegible] out of this warfare at the door through which we [illegible] not come out but with a country free—or with a country [illegible] try overcome. And I say for myself, much as I have loved in my old Federal education the Union—I would rather go back and live upon the shores of the Merrimack and in the single State of Massachusetts, than I would form a Union again with the South if the cancer of slavery is to be in its bosom (applause). And I would rather, sir, that this whole warfare should result in the utter extinction of the whole Confederacy and send us back to our element, to combine upon our elective affinities of righteousness and unrighteousness, standing upon our separate bases of truth and sin, than I would, at the sacrifice of the great principle in the warfare, gain the glory of a great, majestic people (applause). I am a little fearful that our beloved friend has looked at British sympathy with a *coleur de rose*, and notwithstanding he meets with kindness in the expression of the people, I have no doubt that the whole feeling of monarchical England is against our institutions. Yet I feel that nothing could so awake toward us the sympathy of Great Britain as our rising to the towering height of an absolutely just and righteous people—a people that fear God above man, standing upon the ground that we have no fear of man, for God is with us. If we carry out great principles I have nothing to fear. I did not intend to utter these sentiments; but my brother should not be allowed to stand alone. We have entered into the shadows of the night of trial through which we are to pass. Fire or no fire, I would rather stand with God upon the burning Mount of Sinai, than live with Pharaoh in all the glories of an Egyptian palace (applause). I desire to say that this whole Church finds sympathy in every Christian heart, dumb and silent as these seem to be in the circumstances in which they are placed. I welcome this dear brother back. I bless God for all that has been done—for every act of kindness that this brother has over and over again conferred upon me. And with my whole heart I would encourage him and his whole Church to stand up mighty in the name of the Lord of Hosts, in every condition of trial.

Remarks of Theodore Tilton.

The Chairman said he was glad to recognize in the audience Mr. Theodore Tilton, of *The Independent*, who, on a recent occasion, it would be remembered, spoke from the pulpit of the Church of the Puritans. He would call upon Mr. Tilton to address the meeting.

Mr. Tilton said: I think, sir, you might have spared me the allusion to standing in that pulpit (laughter). I went home one evening, and saw one of my little children standing with both feet in one of my shoes, without filling it (laughter). So, on a certain Sunday night last May, another child was seen standing with both feet in one of Dr. Cheever's shoes, without being able to fill it (great laughter). Good friends, that may be very laughable to you but it is very serious to me (renewed merriment). The Doctor's right hand, if it had a tongue to speak, could testify how tightly I grasped it on saluting him in the doorway to-night. I meant that whatever greetings other men might give him, he should get from me nothing less than Christian fellowship and affection. That ought to be the meaning of every honest clasping of two men's hands—as you know, Shakspeare says,

"Palm to palm in holy palmer's kiss."

But the true right hand of fellowship to Dr. Cheever is not the one which I would gladly offer, but the one which has been offered here to-night by that venerable man on whose head the snows of age are falling even in the mid-summer. [Referring to Dr. Tyng.] His lips have grown long accustomed to the utterance of noble words, but never did he utter nobler words than here to-night. I remember taking up a printed letter of an Episcopal bishop a few months ago, in which the writer said that slavery had nothing to do with the War. But the very next day I saw in the newspapers a speech of an Episcopal clergyman—a speech which rang through the subterranean arches of Cooper Institute—declaring that the war should never have an end until slavery should have an end. [Alluding to Dr. Tyng's address.] So I offset the sentiments of the man who is Bishop by the nobler sentiments of the man who *ought* to be Bishop (laughter and applause).

Mr. Sloane referred to the day's trip when we sailed down the Bay with Dr. Cheever—he on the Adriatic and we on the Mayflower. I remember quoting into Mr. Sloane's ear, that day, that saying of Colton's, "Calumny crosses oceans." I now believe that with every ship sailing out of this harbor since that summer afternoon, calumny of this man has both crossed and recrossed the ocean. The old Blue Law of Connecticut was, "A man shall not cross a river without an authorized ferryman." The new Blue Law is, A man shall not cross the sea without an *Ex-parte Council* (laughter). But I must give Dr. Cheever a warning about one thing. When last we saw him on the steamer's deck, he stood waving a white flag. That was well enough on going away from home, but now, sir, since you have come back, and are three thousand miles nearer to Gen. Beauregard, woe unto you if you are ever again seen waving a white flag (laughter). Some strange things have happened on this side of the water since you went away. Shall I show you a sign of the times. Look at this! [Mr. Tilton here took from his pocket a large blue placard.] This was sent to me from Ashtabula, where Mr. Giddings lives, in Ohio. Listen: "The Secretary of War has accepted a company of one hundred sharpshooters to be raised and commanded by me, to form part of Col. Montgomery's Kansas Regiment of Gen. Fremont's Division." "By me," by whom think you?—signed, John Brown, Jr. (great applause). That is a sign of the times (applause). Think of what the old man did, and was hanged for it, and think of what the young man is doing at the government's own order! Yet the son's work and the father's are just the same—the work of pointing the sharpest kind of shooters in straight and level aim at the heart of slavery! (Applause.) I have no fears concerning the issue of the war. That issue will be freedom. Probably the Administration at Washington will not summon to itself virtue enough to proclaim emancipation, but edict or no edict, emancipation is to come (applause). It cannot be delayed. God is his own President, and Cabinet, and Commander-in-Chief. The headquarters of the army of the Potomac are not in Gen. McClellan's tent, but high in the blue sky above it! When and how freedom is to come I know not, only I know it is to come. Somebody spoke of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton to-night. Buxton's daughter was married in her father's house on the day of West India Emancipation. After the ceremony was over, the bride and groom were handed into a carriage and driven away, and the father went back into his library and wrote somewhat as follows: "August 1st, 1834. Priscilla is just married and gone. The ceremony passed off delightfully, and there is not a slave in the British Colonies" (applause). Sir, my little daughters are not yet of marriageable age, but I believe on their wedding day, if they and I should live to see it, I will be able to say Married and gone to Niagara, and there is not a slave in the American States" (laughter and applause). If, as in Priscilla's case, so great a public event could a second time be made to follow so pleasant a domestic event, I hereby give notice that I will give the hand of either of my daughters to the first man who shall ask for it" (great laughter). The question arises, What is Dr. Cheever to do on coming back? People are saying, Deeds not words. But words lie at the core of deeds. Is there not still a need that the Gospel should be preached? Did any of you happen to see what that prince of tories, Sir Archibald Alison, said about us the other day? He said that history furnished no example of national stability without a national Church, and that the American States, if they wished to be permanent in the world, must establish a national Church. Sir Archibald and ourselves might not agree as to what constitutes a national Church. I think a national Church is a Church that moves the nation. If the British aristocrat means a Church like this, I quite agree with him, that we ought to have in America a national Church. So I may answer the question, What is Dr. Cheever to do? He has come home to be a minister of the National Church. For there is national work for a National Church. Other liberties are to be gained besides the slave's. It is a beautiful thought that the black man's chains shall be smitten off, and that he shall be lifted to the level of the white, but do not white men need lifting higher? When all men stand on one level, is that the end? No, all men are then to be advanced to a second and higher level. They are to go up nearer to God. And the Church, if it be the true Church, is to show them the way. While slavery lasts, the Church will have a work of loosing men's hands; but when slavery ends, it will have a work of binding men's hearts. So let us have a true National Church!

Mr. Tilton continued from this point several minutes further in a closing appeal for liberality of sentiment in the Church, and the cordial coöperation of men of different views, but our reporter was not able to secure a complete report.

Remarks of Oliver Johnson.

Mr. Oliver Johnson, Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard, in response to the call of the Chairman, spoke substantially as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Friends: I feel it an honor to be invited to take a part, however humble, in the proceedings of this evening. Out of the fullness of my heart I could say much, but circumstances admonish me to be brief. I gave Dr. Cheever my welcome in a warm grasp of his hand on the morning after his return from England; but I renew it to-night with a pleasure and an earnestness enhanced by sympathy with hearts kindred to my own. Sir, my heart has been thrilled by the noble sentiments of freedom uttered on this occasion, and as I have looked over this assembly and seen men and women of different creeds made one in a common love of the cause of the slave, and in a common respect and veneration for one who has suffered persecution for its sake, I have said to myself, Surely this is the dawn of a better day for the anti-slavery enterprise; and may we not hope that henceforth all those who love this cause in its purity, generously forgetting all past differences, will stand shoulder to shoulder in a common effort to carry it forward to its complete triumph?

It is the sin and shame of the American people that they do not recognize the manhood of the blacks; and it is to be feared that not a few even of those who profess to be strongly opposed to slavery fail to realize the truth that its victims, though "guilty of a skin not colored like their own," are, equally with themselves, the children of God, stamped with His image and superscription. If it should please God, this night, by a miracle, to give all the slaves of this country a white complexion, who can doubt that our whole population would instantly become Abolitionists, and demand, with an earnestness that would brook no delay, a proclamation of universal freedom? Dr. Cheever would no longer be esteemed a fanatic, and his clerical brethren would no more be found conspiring to remove him from his pulpit for declaring slavery to be a sin. We should all, in that case, respond to the impassioned ejaculation of the negro, who, when a brother prayed, "O Lord, do Thou curtail de power of de debbil!" cried out, "*Amen! cut his tail smack smooth off, Lord!*" (Laughter.) Now, I hold slavery to be the very embodiment and form of the devil, and I am for cutting not only his tail, but his head, "smack smooth off." And I believe that if the President had done this, immediately after the fall of Sumter, by a proclamation, under the War Power, of universal freedom, the people not only of the North but of the whole civilized world would have joined in a shout of joy such as never yet ascended from earth to heaven. The danger now is, that while we are hesitating and delaying, the opportunity to save the nation by this great act of repentance and obedience may pass away, and the people in their blindness and infatuation be left to the destruction which their iniquity at once invites and defies. But I hope for better things, while I thus speak.

Perhaps enough has been said on this occasion of the persecutions that have been visited upon the Church of the Puritans and their Pastor, but I cannot refrain from calling attention to the striking contrast presented between the treatment they have received from the denomination to which they belong, and the honors conferred upon ministers and Churches that lend their influence to the support of slavery. The Lords, Adamses, and Blagdens openly defend slavery from the Bible; but the Bacons, Thompsons, and Sturtevants, whose mouths are full of anti-slavery professions, never think of conspiring to drive these champions of bondage from their pulpits or seats of ecclesiastical power and influence. Dr. Lord is still the President of a New England College, Dr. Adams (Southside) is elected year after year to a high post in the American Board, and Dr. Blagden goes on "torturing the pages of the Bible" to sanction slavery and debauch the conscience of the nation, undisturbed by any serious opposition from his brethren. But Dr. Cheever, for calling slavery a sin and lifting up his voice for universal emancipation, and for exposing the complicity of the American Church and ministry with the great crime and curse of the nation, has been exposed to the denunciations of the religious press, girded at by *ex-parte* councils, and so set upon by enemies, in front and rear, that he could maintain himself in his pulpit only by an appeal for aid to the anti-slavery Christians of Great Britain. Thank God! that appeal was not made in vain. The slaveholders may capture Washington, but our moral Gibraltar on Union Square is impregnable. The general in command of *that* fortress will never surrender to the enemy, and the brave soldiers who have so long battled at his side, and won so many victories over the open foes and false-hearted friends of freedom, will still go on conquering and to conquer till the final Jubilee. I know what hopes hang upon the bravery, fidelity, and skill of Scott, McClellan, Fremont, and other leaders of our armies; and peace man as I am, I would not, in the present condition of the country, disparage the importance of the sword. But, after all, my main dependence for the abolition of slavery is upon the truth of God, made mighty by His Spirit for that grand consummation; and therefore do I rejoice that Dr. Cheever is once more among us, to lift up his prophet voice in warning and rebuke of this guilty nation. God grant that voice may be heard and heeded.

Remarks of Rev. S. S. Jocelyn.

The Rev. S. S. Jocelyn spoke as follows:

I am very happy to see these countenances, to see veteran heads and youthful faces. What I have heard this evening has electrified my soul. These are the same things that set us on fire thirty years ago (applause). These are the things that are to burn in the soul till the fire of humanity in its mortality goes out, and its immortality shall have that fire forever (applause). Sir, there are two beings in the universe who are to be most consulted. They are God and man. The man who fails to consider God, and fails to consider man; the man who fails to worship God, and fails to honor man, fails of the purposes of his being, and is fit only to be thrown among beasts and devils (applause). These are great elementary facts that underlie all that you see and feel. These are the views and convictions that have given that beloved brother power. It is not the power and the beauty of his mind. These are God's good gifts, for which we should be thankful, and for which we should praise God. But it is his great idea of God and of man. If you will take those two words, you have the whole. Now, sir, the great difficulty just at this time with regard to our government is—and I speak in all kind feeling—they have but faint ideas of God and of the voice that is speaking to them as rulers of this nation, to execute justice for man. When, sir, they shall understand that simple fact—that man is the workmanship of God—and when, in the nobility of Christianity, they shall strike for God and humanity, down will go the infernal system of slavery to the pit whence it came—without the privilege of a resurrection (applause). Sir, let me say another thing, and it is this—that the government, and the priesthood, and the people stumble because they have set up the idea of government above man. They can consider the rebellion against the government a greater crime than the conspiracy against humanity which has been going on in this country from generation to generation, and which is now crushing four millions who are dumb, and who seem to have the care only of Him who is now stretching out His hand against this sin, and is not to speak peace until those hearts shall shout for freedom and to His praise. When, sir, this people can see a greater crime in treason against humanity and in rebellion against God than they can see in the mere idea, guilty as it is, of resisting this government, then, sir, there will be hope, and it would not require a prophet to predict that the moment that that idea should flash upon the vision of the people, that moment the verdict of slavery would be sealed. And we should not come here to take that brother and cheer him for what he has done, and bless him for what the Lord has helped him to do, but we should all come here to lift up our voices in praise and our hands in giving glory to God's great name, that the war against humanity had ceased, and the peace of the ages had begun (applause).

The meeting was also addressed by the Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, the Rev. D. M. Graham, the Rev. William Goodell, and Edgar Ketchum, Esq.; but no report of their remarks has been furnished.

After the speaking was over, the people present partook of a bountiful collation, and spent some time in the interchange of friendly sentiments.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Sept. 13, 1861.

Gen. Fremont's proclamation is very generally approved here now, though at first many timid persons, and among them members of the Cabinet, were agitated and alarmed by it. It is seen to work so well that no complaint will be made of his course. In my last letter I stated that Fremont would not be interfered with by the President. Since then, some journals have stated very positively that the government would have the order, or proclamation, recalled. Indiana Smith has been reported as expressing the opinion that Mr. Lincoln would remove Fremont from his present position. *The Tribune*, on the other hand, asserts that the President was delighted with the proclamation and most fully approved of it. All these assertions are incorrect. Mr. Lincoln (I have it from the best of authority) was not fully satisfied with the proclamation when it was received here, and for a few days was extremely anxious respecting its effect, not only or principally in Missouri, but in Kentucky. He, however, generously resolved not to interfere with Fremont, but to allow him to be the judge of what was necessary within his military department. Since then, the effect of the proclamation is so admirable in Missouri, and as it has had no ill effect in Kentucky, the sentiment in government circles is almost unanimous in approving the act. Occasionally we hear men denouncing it in the streets. The other morning I heard a big, swaggering-looking man criticizing Fremont and his proclamation very severely, and, upon inquiring his name, heard that it was John C. Heenan, the pugilist, who is connected with one of the gambling hells with which Washington abounds. Such men naturally oppose any act which may injuriously affect slavery or any other iniquity.

Since writing the above paragraphs, Mr. Lincoln's letter to Gen. Fremont has appeared, and it confirms most of the above. It proves conclusively that the President does not exactly like the confiscation business. He is not up with the times, and still hugs the fatal delusion that the rebellion can be put down without touching slavery. Mr. Seward takes great care to conceal his agency in this interference with Fremont, but it is useless. *Mr. Seward is the cause of the interference, and suggested the letter.* I am told that this is so by those who know pretty much all that transpires in the Cabinet. It will be seen that there is a wide difference between Fremont's proclamation and the Confiscation Act. Pray, why does not Mr. Lincoln see to it that *he* has law for *his* acts, if he is so very careful of any action that affects slavery? Where does he get his authority for catching a member of Congress—like Henry May of Baltimore—and putting him in a dungeon? There is no law for such an act. The President found his warrant in necessity. So did Fremont. But it seems a slave is so much better than a white man, that he cannot be touched, *as a slave!* Never mind Mr. Lincoln's blunder. All will come round right. Even he and Mr. Seward will find out what the rebellion is before the war is over. Let anti-slavery men still be patient.

There is a good deal of curiosity just now in the outside world to learn something of the relations subsisting between McClellan and Scott. "Little Mac," as he is called, seems to be entirely unlimited in his powers within his department, and the department includes the troops under Gens. Dix and Banks. So far as I can learn, Gen. Scott and Gen. McClellan are on the best of terms, and do not disagree as to the plan of the campaign. But it is conceded to McClellan that he shall have permission to take his own course with the army of the Potomac. He consults with Gen. Scott, as he does with the President, but Scott would not think of interfering, except in some exceedingly important matter, in some such case as would warrant an interference by the President with one of Gen. Scott's plans. McClellan has his own way here—he is hampered by *nobody*. The people of the country, like the soldiers of the army, have the utmost confidence in Gen. McClellan, and will be glad to know that he has his way.

There need be no alarm in regard to the gradual approaches of the rebel troops. Their occupation of Munson's Hill does not amount to anything. If they see fit to occupy the position now held by their pickets with their whole army, so much the better for us. The ground five or six miles from the Potomac is not nearly so strong for a defence as that in the vicinity of Manassas. The all-important matter is to be sure that our troops are well officered, and that they will fight well. When these two facts are ascertained, and our Generals have the most complete confidence in their men, it will matter little *where* the great battle for the possession of Washington is fought. For it is well understood that if any battle is fought along the Potomac line—and how can one be avoided much longer, unless the rebels retreat?—it will be for the possession of the National Capital. If the rebels win it, they gain Washington. If the Federal troops win it, or if it is a drawn battle, it will forever settle one thing, namely, that Washington, Baltimore and Maryland must remain in the Union, however it may be with the other slave States and cities. The loss of Washington to the government would be the most astounding blow that could possibly be inflicted, and, talk as braggarts will, would certainly result in separation, unless the North, in a moment of sublime courage and passion, decreed the overthrow of slavery on this continent.

But we are not going to lose the Capital. Beauregard and Johnston will not be able to cross the Potomac, or if they should do so above Washington, that portion of their army which gets into Maryland will never get back again. Judging from what I hear from good military critics around me, I venture to assert that Gen. McClellan would like to hear that a rebel army had crossed over into Maryland in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, or Williamsport. When they cross he will be ready to cut them off. The half-starved Southrons might enjoy a few days of rioting in Western Maryland, but would soon inevitably fall into the clutches of a Union army.

The government troops in this vicinity are in splendid condition. Even Dr. Russell admits that they have wonderfully improved of late, and would not speak contemptuously of them now, no matter what he did immediately after Bull Run. The troops are in fine spirits, and yet thousands of them who are in the more exposed positions on the Virginia shore of the Potomac sleep upon the grass at night, without any covering, unless it be a few boughs gathered from the forests. Great fires are built to ward off the damp and malaria, and between them the men huddle together on the ground, and sleep under the starlight, with as much comfort and a keener sense of enjoyment than they ever felt in comfortable homes. The size of the "army of the Potomac" is immense, but, of course it would be injudicious to state numbers. It is evidently large enough to satisfy the government of its ability to protect the Capital, for within a few days several regiments have been stopped in New York and sent over to Long Island to the Camp for Instruction. There are as many men here now as can well be handled. In case the rebels were to threaten to cross the upper Potomac, it might not be amiss to give Banks an army of fifty thousand to sweep down through the Winchester valley, and clean out a precious lot of pestilent fellows in that region—the particular friends of the Hon. Senator Mason, whose family residence is at Winchester, but who has not dared stay long so near the Federal lines. But the plan of the autumnal campaign is as yet a profound secret. At present our troops are on the defensive.

There is a good deal of excitement in Washington at the time of this writing, respecting an advance of the enemy upon our lines, or an attempt to cross the Potomac above. The manner in which the rebel pickets have advanced upon our lines within a day or two is certainly calculated to alarm the timid, for it looks as if an immense force must be directly behind their advance guard. Such insolence cannot easily be accounted for, unless there is a strong force between Arlington and Manassas. But the slaveholders were always good fellows at the game of brag. Their insolence always was unbounded. Doubtless Northern people will ask the question—Why allow the rebels to drive in our pickets? Simply because our generals are not fully ready to give battle. They mean to wait this time and make a clean thing of it—a sure thing of it. Now, if Beauregard is in a great hurry for a battle, *let him attack us.* Our troops are not going to be provoked into an attack till they are fully prepared for it, and when they are, Gen. Beauregard will not be apprised of the plan of attack—not *this* time, however it might have been at Bull Run. As a matter of course, when a great battle seems to be at hand, so near as on our line of works on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, there is more or less anxiety among the people of Washington, if not in government circles. This is natural enough, for who can guarantee a victory? Defeat is among the possibilities, but, thank God, not among the probabilities. Anon.

Deferred.—We have a letter from our Boston Occasional Correspondent, which, together with several other interesting articles, we are compelled to defer till next week.

Chronicles of the War.

The President Overruling Gen. Fremont.

The chief event of the last week is the promulgation by the President of the following letter to Gen. Fremont, requiring him to modify his proclamation of Aug. 30th, promising freedom, unqualifiedly, to *all* the slaves of rebel masters:

Washington, D. C., September 11, 1861.

Major-General John C. Fremont:

Yours of the 8th, in answer to mine of the 2d inst., was just received. Assured that you upon the ground could better judge of the necessities of your position than I could at this distance, on seeing your proclamation of August 30, I perceived no general objection to it; the particular clause, however, in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberation of slaves, appeared to me to be objectionable in its nonconformity to the act of Congress, passed the 6th of last August, upon the same subjects, and hence I wrote you expressing my wish that that clause should be modified accordingly. Your answer last received expresses the preference on your part that I should make an open order for the modification, which I very cheerfully do. It is therefore ordered, that the said clause of said proclamation be so modified, held and construed as to conform with and not to transcend the provisions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress entitled "An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," approved August 6, 1861, and that said act be published at length with this order.

Your obedient servant, A. Lincoln.

Our Washington correspondent, it will be seen, attributes the action of the President in this matter to the influence of Mr. Seward, stimulated by the representations and entreaties of professed Unionists in Kentucky. Our correspondent may be right or wrong in this supposition; we only know that no other act of the government since the war began has produced so wide and deep a feeling of regret and pain among those who have at heart the welfare of the country. It is mortifying to think that the President, instead of improving upon Gen. Fremont's proclamation by a broad announcement of freedom, under the War Power, to all the slaves of the country, as the only means of putting down the Rebellion, has been left to commit a blunder so unfortunate in every way as that revealed in the above letter. The act of Gen. Fremont was received with hearty enthusiasm all through the North; it gave new hope and courage to the soldiers; it stimulated enlistments; and in every other respect its influence upon the public mind was most happy.

Gen. Fremont, before the arrival of the President's letter, had given freedom to a considerable number of slaves, in accordance with his proclamation. His mode of action may be seen in the following deed of manumission:

"Whereas, Thomas L. Snead, of the city and county of St. Louis, State of Missouri, has been taking an active part with the enemies of the United States, in the present insurrectionary movement against the government of the United States. Now, therefore, I, John Charles Fremont, Major-General commanding the Western Department of the Army of the United States, by authority of law and the power vested in me as such commanding General, declare Hiram Reed, heretofore held to service or labor by Thomas L. Snead, to be *free*, and forever discharged from the bonds of servitude, giving him full right and authority to have, use, and control his own labor or service as to him may seem proper, without any accountability whatever to said Thomas L. Snead, or any one to claim by, through, or under him.

"And this deed of Manumission shall be respected and treated by all persons, and in all Courts of Justice, as the full and complete evidence of the freedom of said Hiram Reed.

"In testimony whereof, this act is done at headquarters of the Western Department of the Army of the United States, in the city of St. Louis, State of Missouri, on this 12th day of September, A.D. eighteen hundred and sixty-one, as is evidenced by the departmental seal hereto affixed by my order.

"J. C. Fremont,
Major-General Commanding."

A dispatch from St. Louis to *The Tribune*, under date Sept. 12, says:

"The cases of several alleged slaveholders, now in the rebel army, are undergoing investigation before the military commission, in session at the arsenal. Their representatives are attempting, in each case, to prove that these gentlemen who have taken up arms for Dixie do not *own* the slaves but that they are the property of their wives, or, as Beauseant has it, 'some other friend of the family.' It is certain that no subterfuge or technicality will be allowed to prevent the fulfilment of the proclamation; and, in a few days, an order will be issued giving a list of the slaves of the rebels and declaring them 'free men.'"

It is a pity that Gen. Fremont has been required to suspend his beneficent labors, and no longer pursue a line of action which promised to be more effectual than any other for the suppression of the rebellion. There are rumors that he is about to resign, but they are not credited by those most likely to reflect his feelings and views.

From Western Virginia.

We have good news from Western Virginia. The rebel forces under Floyd have been routed, and the knave himself has fled by night, being skillful only in skulking from danger. On Tuesday, 10th inst., Gen. Rosecranz, with three regiments of Ohio troops, found the rebels on the top of a mountain at Cannix Ferry, on the west side of Gauley River. This position was strong and well chosen—the rear and both flanks were inaccessible, and the front was guarded by a forest. The Ohio 10th opened the battle, and drove a strong detachment of the enemy out of position. The 10th, 12th, and 18th then went into the action together, and the fight raged with fierceness for some time. The rebels' fire—of musketry, rifles, canister, and shells—was terrible, though the damage done was not commensurate with the noise made. Col. Lytle of the 10th Ohio Regiment, while charging at the head of some Irish companies, fell wounded; Col. Lowe of the 12th Ohio was shot dead with a bullet through his forehead. The fight, which had slackened somewhat, was renewed with great vigor toward sundown; the German brigade then went most gallantly in, and for three hours the battle was hot. Then, darkness coming on, a recall was sounded, and each army was rested on its arms, ready to renew the strife in the morning. But when the morning broke the enemy was not visible. Floyd had disappeared in the night, leaving behind him his camp equipage, waggons, horses, a large quantity of ammunition, and 50 head of cattle; he sunk his boats and destroyed his bridges as he went. Thus the National arms have gained another signal success over the rebels, and taught traitors a sharp lesson. Our loss in this affair was 15 killed, and 70 wounded. The loss on the side of the enemy is not known, but it must have been heavy.

On the 12th the rebels advanced toward Elk Water and Cheat Mountain Summit. They gained the Summit and pushed on toward Elk Water. Our troops met them, dispersed them, and night fell. Gen. Lee, on the 13th, renewed the attack along the entire line at Cheat Mountain. After a long contest Gen. Reynolds repulsed him, with considerable loss on the rebel side, and very little on ours. Lee's force was large, but he feared the approach of Rosecranz. Wise and Floyd were retreating as rapidly as possible at the latest accounts.

From Maryland.

A heavy blow at rebellion in Maryland has been struck in the arrest and imprisonment of some eight or ten leading members of the State Legislature, who were known to have concocted a plan for putting through that body an act of secession. The plan has thus been defeated, the Legislature being left without a quorum. On Sunday afternoon 450 rebels attacked the pickets of Col. Geary at Darnstown, Md. The affair was a spirited one, lasting about two hours. The enemy were driven from every house and breastwork they occupied. Eight or ten of them were killed and a number wounded. On our side one was killed.

From Kentucky.

The Legislature of Kentucky has passed, over the Governor's veto, resolutions proclaiming the loyalty of the State to the Union, and requiring the rebel army quartered therein to disperse. The Governor issued his proclamation accordingly, but the rebel commanders refuse to obey, and declare their purpose to remain till the Union troops are removed. The points they hold are essential to the success of their projects in Tennessee.

"SABLE CLOUDS."

A Brigade of Colored Men Offered.—Mr. Hamilton, a Canadian, and a fighting man in our Mexican war, three months ago offered to our government a brigade of 5,000 colored men, to be raised in Canada West.

Slaves from Virginia.—The State of Maine arrived in New York on the 12th to coal, and then proceeded to Fall River. When she ran down the Tigress there were four escaped slaves on board, who had run away from Virginia the day before. They were saved with the rest, and the bungo in which they escaped was saved with them, and brought to this city.

Southern Acquiescence in Fremont's Decree.—We publish a very important proclamation from Gen. Fremont to the people of Missouri, establishing martial law throughout the limits of that State, and declaring freedom to the slaves of rebels found in arms against the government. This is based upon the recent confiscation act of Congress, and although the measures resorted to are severe, they must be regarded as having been forced upon Gen. Fremont by the extraordinary circumstances by which he is surrounded. Of course all loyal men will be protected in their property, and it is only those who are in arms against the Federal authority who are to be subject to the stringent measures which he has thought it necessary to take, in order to preserve the laws of the Union, and keep Missouri from falling into the condition of anarchy which now threatens her.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

Don't Like It.—*Washington, Thursday, Sept. 12.*—There is much feeling here among leading men, caused by the action of Gen. McClellan in ordering the return of fugitive slaves, or rather, their arrest in camps and imprisonment in jail to await the claim of their masters. This is in contravention of the spirit of the letter addressed by the Secretary of War to Gen. Butler, for it constitutes our troops but an army of negro-catchers. It is directly in contradiction to the letter of Fremont's proclamation, which has been unanimously accepted by the people of the loyal States as the true interpretation of our relation to the slaveholders in rebellion against the government.—*Cor. Times.*

They Understand It.—A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Paducah, Ky., Sept. 10, after describing the dark and fiendish spirit of secession that predominates there, says: "After seeing the 8th Missouri safely in camp, I strolled back through town with an officer. Meeting a fat negress, thirty years of age, my companion says as we pass, 'there's a secession darkey.'

'No, sir,' is the prompt reply, 'I been working about long enough for other folks, now I want to do something for myself.'

The negroes fully understand that they are deeply concerned in this war, and an attempt at further disloyalty on the part of Kentucky will teach her this truth in an emphatic, not to say bloody manner."

Negro Ditchdiggers.—The Memphis (Tenn.) *Avalanche* of Sept. 3 says: "A procession of several hundred stout negro men, members of the 'domestic institution,' marched through our streets yesterday in military order, under command of Confederate officers. They were all armed and equipped with shovels, axes, blankets, etc. A merrier set was never seen. They were brimfull of patriotism, shouting for Jeff. Davis, and singing war songs, and each looked as if he only wanted the privilege of shooting an Abolitionist. The arms of these colored warriors were rather mysterious. Could it be that those gleaming axes were intended to drive into the thick skulls of Abolitionists the truth, to which they are wilfully blind, that their interference in behalf of Southern slaves is neither appreciated or desired: or that these shovels were intended to dig trenches for the interment of their carcases? It may be that the shovels are to be used in digging ditches, throwing up breastworks, or the construction of masked batteries, those abominations to every abolition Paul Pry who is so unlucky as to stumble upon them."

Bird's Contrabands.—A correspondent of the Greenfield (Ill.) *Advertiser*, from Bird's Point, Mo., gives the following item about Bird's slaves: Bird's slaves entertain very friendly feelings toward the white "soger fellas," as they call them, and are remarkably communicative. One aged fellow remarked: "Lor bress your soul, chile, I bin slave sixty years; nebber had such easy times I'se had since you soger fellas come." With regard to the corn crop we have destroyed, he seems to have been favored with a vision. He says: "I tole Massa Bird, it's no use, while soger fellas come, tramp it all down, seen um all in a dream, all 'round heah. Massa say, nigga d—n fool, he dribe you all in the ribber. Ole missus say she kill um. I notus didn't do it. Long time ole massa go where please, nigga have stay at home; now ole massa have stay and nigga go. Ole massa can't pass the guard; nobody pass guard but darkeys and commissioned ofsers."

Fifteen Hundred Dollars' Worth.—A likely young colored man, named Ignatius Smallwood, who was a servant in the New York Seventy-first, and was taken prisoner at Bull Run, escaped from his captors on Tuesday last and returned to Washington. He is a young man, apparently not more than twenty-five years of age; and withal, is very intelligent. He says that after the troops had commenced to retreat, he, among some seventy-four others—members of Maine, Massachusetts and New York regiments—was headed off by the rebel cavalry and carried back to the batteries. A Major of the Eighth Louisiana Regiment took possession of him and carried him to Beauregard, who, after hearing the statement of his capture, and asking him the particulars as to who were on the field on our side, etc., told the Major to take him and remarked that he had made a good day's work, *as the d—d Yankee nigger was worth $1,500.* The Major then took him to his tent, and ordered his man (a slave) to give him something to eat and to take care of him; but he escaped.—*N. Y. Post.*

Slaves in Line of Promotion.—Considerable merriment was occasioned to-day by the passage through the streets of one hundred and twenty-two large baggage-waggons, each drawn by four horses, and each driven by a negro. The negro drivers, three weeks ago, were all slaves; they are now in the service of the United States government, and receive the same pay as "any other men." I watched them closely, and saw among them some intelligent faces, although the majority looked stolid and stupid. Every one of them, however, understood his business, and drove his horses well and properly. In this respect they are really superior to many of the drivers that one sees every day here, who nearly kill their horses with ill-treatment. It is a common practice with the latter to lock one of their hinder wheels, and make the poor beasts draw the heavy waggons up hill and down all day, with the wheels locked.—*Philadelphia Inquirer, 27th ult.*

Four Contrabands arrived at the Navy Yard to-day (Sept. 12) from the flotilla. Three were slaves of a man named Fielding Lewis, residing near the Rappahannock, and the fourth an intelligent house-servant, named James Lawson, who was owned by Col. Taylor, of the rebel army, whose residence is situated but a short distance from the Potomac, in King George County. Lawson states that between Aquia Creek and Mathias Point there are about two thousand troops of the rebel army, besides some seven hundred militia. One North Carolina Regiment is included in the two thousand. At Haspatansa Hill a body of troops are stationed. The force along the shore was being increased, in view of an expected attack from our flotilla. At Potomac Creek they had a battery of five guns, one of which was not mounted. Two were rifled cannon. He saw the battery on Saturday week. The troops are supplied with food and provisions by the farmers and planters, who furnish them without any apparent reluctance. The militia are miserably equipped, and are in poor discipline. The slaves have been hopeful that the war would result in good to them, but statements have been constantly made to them that those who have run away have been sold by the Northern men into worse slavery, or sent to Africa. This has caused many who otherwise would have attempted to escape to hesitate. Lawson was at Manassas with his master before and after Bull Run. He reports that since the battle the rebels have extended their entrenchments from a few miles back of Alexandria to near Culpepper Court house, beyond Manassas. Coin was very scarce, the only money in circulation being shinplasters. Lawson thinks a large force would not be required to capture the whole shore from Aquia Creek to Mathias Point.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

Slave Life in Virginia.—The rapid spread of intelligence among slaves from one plantation to another is surprising to those not conversant with the singular habits of the blacks.

It is certain that the most trifling event will often spread for miles as rapidly as if sent by mail, and this by word of mouth passed from one to another. For instance, a child was badly burned in a place called Oak Grove, near Washington's birthplace, early on a Sunday morning, and the writer having occasion to visit a neighboring parish twelve miles distant, found the news had preceded his advent, through the servants, as they are called. The fact is, they do not lie down at night and sleep until morning, but drop down on the floor near the fire (which they keep in their cabins even in summer) and, after taking a nap, will start up and go through the woods to some neigboring cabin, and perhaps snooze a little there and return. They stroll about in this way through by-paths well known to themselves, in the darkest nights, and keep up a constant communication with their friends. In this way, we may depend upon it that they are well posted concerning all the important events now transpiring, which greatly interest them, on both sides of the line.

Their credulity and superstition is wonderful. Three "boys" had been punished by an overseer in the absence of the master. They considered their castigation unjust, and ran to the swamp, refusing to come in "'til Massa William came home." The old mother of one had been whipped to make her disclose their whereabouts, but in vain. The overseer discovered that "Aunt Polly" had placed three stones over her door as "a charm," and being an ignorant man himself, he performed a like operation to counteract its force. We asked the old woman what she did it for? when she looked pale (for black folks will grow pale with fear) and she replied, quite shrewdly—"Well, I don't know, Massa; Ise never heerd tell on *that*. But Ise heerd tell as how de servants does put stones in de fire place, to keep *de hawks away from de chickuns.*"—*Chicago Record.*

Summary.

Quaker Recruits.—Two companies of Quaker recruits are encamped at Richmond, Indiana. Capt. Isaac Kinley, late Senator, commands one of them.

The article in *The Christian Examiner* for August on "Epicurus and Epicureans," has excited considerable attention abroad. The London *Critic* especially commends it. The article is attributed to Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, of New York.—*Boston Transcript.*

Reclaiming Slaves.—The reception of Mr. Thos. G. Perry, of Prince George's County, Md., who came to Gen. Sickles's camp to reclaim four slaves, was not flattering. He was informed that they were better than he, that he was a nigger thief, and received other unsavory personal news. Mr. Garrison himself could not have outdone these bold-spoken Irish Democrats. *Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

The Wolf Praising the Lamb.—The Charleston *Mercury* of Sept. 5th says: "The free colored men of Charleston have contributed $150 to sustain the cause of the South. The zealous and unfailing alacrity with which this class of our population have always devoted their labor and their means to promote the safety of the State, is alike honorable to themselves and gratifying to the community." Comment is needless.

Emancipation of Russian Serfs.—A Russian gentleman, owner of two thousand serfs, who has just made arrangements for their emancipation, in obedience to the order of the Emperor, writes that "the peasants in the interior are lazy, but well disposed; if met in a rational way, the transition from serfdom to freedom can be accomplished without excesses, and, eventually, the productiveness of the land will be considerably increased."

Intercepted Correspondence.—The assortment and reading of intercepted correspondence has become a heavy tax upon the department charged with that branch of the service—so great, indeed, as to make it necessary to detail extra clerical force for that duty. Were I permitted to detail results, the country would have no cause to complain of the zeal and energy of the department in ferreting out rebels.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

Confined as a Prisoner in Richmond.—Among the prisoners confined at Richmond is Mr. W. C. Templeton, of Louisiana, who was one of the working members of the Douglas National Executive Committee last year. He is the owner of property in Louisiana, and went to Virginia to reclaim from the rebel army a son, who is not more than 14 years of age, who has been inveigled into their ranks. For this offence he has been seized and imprisoned.

N. E. Female Medical College.—We understand that the Wade Scholarship Fund of $20,000, having within the past year become available, affords free tuition to a large number of students, without limit as to their place of residence. We mention this, as it may be a matter of interest to some of our lady readers, in view of the approaching annual term, as also the fact that those wishing the benefit of the scholarships can address the Secretary, Dr. Gregory, Boston.

A Question of Contraband.—Some time ago, a number of persons were indicted at Chicago for aiding contrabands to escape from service. In every instance, I believe, it is ascertained that the owners of the slaves are rebels. The Attorney-General has, I understand, ordered the indictments at Chicago to be dismissed, and the defendants discharged from custody and from their bonds. It is probable that the same course will be pursued in relation to similar indictments elsewhere.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

Runaway Slaves Captured.—Five runaway slaves, three of them the property of Mr. Thomas E. Berry, of Prince George's County, Maryland, were brought to the County jail this morning (Sept. 11) by a squad of the Anderson Zouaves. They were in the camp of Gen. Sickles's command, and were only surrendered on the order of the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. McClellan. It is said that Gen. Sickles was opposed to giving them up.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

Missouri.—Secession, in its heaven-sent madness, has already written the doom of slavery, and Missouri may henceforth be regarded as a free State. Thousands are already flying with their two-legged property, to seek safety in Texas or Mississippi, and if the navigation was open to New Orleans every boat would be black with moving contrabands. Let this secession game be played out in Missouri, as it will be in a few weeks, and there is not another State on the round earth that will hold out such inducements to the enterprising settler.—*St. Louis Cor. Tribune.*

Business Revived.—New York was never more hopeful or cheerful than to-day, and never more confident of the future. Business is everywhere reviving. Our factories are calling back their operatives. Our highways groan under the burden of a commerce in the products of the soil unprecedented in amount. Our exports vastly exceed those of any previous period. Everyone feels that we have touched bottom; that we have seen the worst, and that, should the seceding States hereafter cease to exist, every subsequent day would show an improvement upon the past.

Why they are Loyal.—I said the people of the mountains were loyal. Why? Because in Eastern Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, Western Virginia, and Western Carolina, *there are scarcely any slaves.* We may dodge the point as much as we can, but slavery *is* the cause of the war, and the war will be the *commencement de la fin* to slavery. The time has come when the problem of the day, beyond all others, will be: "What shall we do with the negro?" Any General, Senator, or Editor who tells you this is not the case, may be written down either a blockhead or a hypocrite.—*West. Cor. Times.*

South Side View.—What some of the Border State Unionists think of slavery is pretty clearly stated in a speech which Rev. W. B. Carter, of East Tennessee, delivered in Cincinnati recently. "I am a slaveholder," said Mr. Carter. "My ancestors for three generations have been slaveholders; therefore, I cannot be charged with any prejudice against slavery. But I tell you here that I regard the union of the States as of infinitely more value than all the negroes in America, and Africa too. Nay, I go further, and say that if the prosecution of this war, and the perpetuation of the Union, require that African slavery shall die, then, I say, let it perish."

An Unmistakable Earthquake.—Yesterday morning, shortly before five o'clock, the inhabitants of this city, as well as of Covington and Newport, were startled by a violent shock, which brought home the conviction that it was a veritable earthquake. The rumbling was distinct and heavy, and the vibratory motions, which were southwest or southeast, were so severe as to cause the windows to rattle, and in many instances to ring the house and bedroom bells. There were two distinct shocks; the first was much the strongest; a short interval elapsed between that and the lesser one. There was much alarm evinced, and we heard of some instances of persons rushing wildly from their houses. So novel an event, for this latitude, will be long remembered.—*Cincinnati Enquirer, Sept. 2d.*

Gen. Cass on Slavery.—A short time since, Rev. E. B. Fairfield, President of Hillsdale College, and late Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan, paid a visit to Gen. Cass. In discussing the affairs of the nation, Mr. Fairfield says the General made use of this language:

"I am opposed to the abolition of slavery, and have always been so; but there is no other way out of this contest than by the abolition of slavery. If we had peace to-day, we should have war to-morrow."

After a long and active life, Gen. Cass stands on the verge of time, and has no more hope of political preferment. And though, while such a hope existed, he was willing to do many behests of the Slave Power, he now candidly admits that a peace with that power would not last a day; and that either the nation or slavery must be abolished.—*Independent.* C. B. S.

A Disappointment.—The leaders of the Southern rebellion have counted much on the demonstrations in their favor, to be furnished by the elections in the Northern States. They have been looking for evidences of sympathy on a large scale in their favor. They reckoned that the people would be disheartened by the desperate nature of the conflict, and frightened by the burthens which the war would necessarily impose upon them. The elections in Maine and Vermont have been held. There was but one party in either State, and that in favor of a vigorous and energetic prosecution of the war. There was not opposition enough to make up a respectable number of votes to be counted among the scattering. It will be so in New York and all the Eastern, Northern, and Western States. The politicians who prate of "olive branches" and "compromises" with armed rebellion, will be as utterly and hopelessly annihilated as were the supporters of the Hartford Convention nearly half a century ago. Sympathy with treason will be microscopic, as developed by the elections in the Northern States.—*Times.*

Gen. McClellan and his Army.—Should Gen. McClellan live to close the campaign as he has commenced it, he will have a reputation that will outlive that of all his cotemporaries. One proof of this is seen in the fact that there are fewer soldiers loitering around the city now, when at least one hundred and twenty thousand are encamped near by, than six weeks ago, when about one-tenth as many were in this division. To their great credit, I am proud to say, that I have not seen a drunken soldier in Washington for weeks, and while all this speaks well for the Commanding-General, it is due the soldiery to say, that they, as an army, appreciate this reform in all its results. They have intelligence unknown to any other army in the world, and without this there is no true bravery. For instance, a regiment that I was visiting a few days since, claimed to have in their ranks three hundred schoolmasters, and it was no unusual thing for them to send out a *thousand letters* in a single day. It is on such "mud-sills" as these that we are building the temple of republican liberty, broad, deep, high, and enduring.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

Colored Emigration to Hayti.—The British brig Truxillo cleared Wednesday evening last, with eighty colored emigrants for Hayti. This is the tenth colony sent out by the Haytian Bureau since January last. Among the emigrants by the Truxillo are natives of New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina, Florida, Kentucky, Maryland, Ohio, Alabama, Georgia, Massachusetts, and Chili. Of the eighty only one could not read or write—all the rest had a fair common school education. They all intend to cultivate cotton in Hayti. Mr. Redpath, the General Agent of the Haytian government, announces that the next emigrant vessel will be the Isabella Beaman, which will sail on the 20th of this month. She will carry over a hundred passengers. The Joseph Price will sail on the 1st of October from New York, with eighty passengers. Another vessel will be chartered to sail from this port at the same date. All of them will sail under the British flag. Three colonies—one of ninety from Rhode Island, one of one hundred and twenty from Pennsylvania, and one of one hundred and four from Buxton, C. W., will sail by the 1st of October. It is expected that five thousand will sail from Canada West during the coming autumn and winter.—*Boston Traveller.*

The Tribune Libel Suit.—The Hon. Dewitt C. Littlejohn, of Oswego, for some years past Speaker of the New York State Assembly, sued Horace Greeley for libel, laying damages at $25,000. The alleged libel was in the following words, which appeared as editorial in *The Tribune* of Sept. 6, 1860:

"A correspondent earnestly inquires our opinion concerning the nomination for members of the Legislature of D. C. Littlejohn at Oswego, and of Austin Myers at Syracuse. On this subject our opinion has been so often expressed that it cannot be in doubt. Both these persons were prominent in the corrupt legislation of last winter. Accordingly, both of them ought now to be defeated. Or, if they must be sent back to pursue their career at Albany, it should not be the work of Republican voters."

The case came up for trial last week at Pulaski, Oswego Co., in a community well acquainted with the plaintiff. The Judge (Bacon, of Utica) excluded nearly all the evidence relied upon for the defence, and charged strongly in favor of the plaintiff; but the jury disagreed. It is reported that eight of them stood throughout for finding for the defendant, though some of these at times evinced a willingness, in deference to the Judge's charge, to give nominal damages to the plaintiff. Eleven finally were willing to find for the defendant, but the twelfth would not consent. He was for exemplary damages throughout.

Advertisements.

DR. WM. P. POWELL, JR., SURGEON, &c., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, Licentiate in Midwifery, Dublin, Ireland, formerly Resident Surgeon to the Liverpool Southern Hospital, late Resident Surgeon to the Liverpool Eye and Ear Institute, respectfully begs leave to announce to the citizens of NEW BEDFORD and vicinity that he has returned to his native city and solicits their patronage, where he may be consulted or attend patients at his residence, 109 William street, from 9 to 11 a.m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m., and during the night.

FALL FASHIONS!—FALL FASHIONS!—Novel, elegant, and useful designs may be found in great variety in the Fall No. of Mme. DEMOREST'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS, now ready, that will astonish and delight everybody. Contains nearly 100 engravings, with full descriptions; large elegant Steel Fashion Plate, containing eight figures; large Plate of Cloaks, large Plate of Dresses, and three full size Patterns (over 60 cents worth of plain Patterns in each number). Largest, latest, cheapest, and best Fashion Magazine ever issued. Yearly, $1, with a premium; single copies, 25 cents. Postage, 3 cents; postage on premium, 3 cents.
Also, Grand Opening of Patterns of the Paris Fashions, No. 473 Broadway, N.Y.

THE EAGLESWOOD COLLEGIATE AND MILITARY SCHOOL will open October 1st, with a corps of efficient Teachers in the various departments. Military discipline and instruction in horsemanship will be added to the former advantages enjoyed at the "Eagleswood School" for physical training. For circulars address
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Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

"THE BEGINNING OF THE END."

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

Suggested by Gen. John C. Fremont's Proclamation. Inscribed with esteem, to Edgar Ketchum, *Esq., of Harlem, N. Y.*

All through Missouri's borders goes up a welcome cry;
It sweeps across the prairies, it rises to the sky;
Fremont has read the riddle! Emancipation goes
With all the gallant soldiers who meet their country's foes.

Ring out the good, glad tidings! the axe has touched the tree!
The hands of those who wield it were nurtured to be free;
The Upas tree of Slavery, whose blight is over all,
Is trembling to its centre, 'twill totter soon and fall.

Fremont, the *old* Pathfinder, we merge into the *new*;
When statesmen stood and wondered, scarce knowing what to do,
He thrust aside all doubting, and opened up a way,
And scattered all the shadows by th' brightness of the day.

Emancipation's dawning! See how it flecks the sky,
The herald of the glory that's coming by and bye;
Emancipation's dawning; it rises in the West!
From out the Nation's trial shall come the Nation's rest.

The war-trail takes it Southward; the Gulf of Mexico
Shall echo the glad tidings above a fallen foe;
The Everglades shall hear it, and the Palmetto State
Shall hear the voice of freemen pronounce its final fate.

The Stars and Stripes forever! The honored Flag still waves,
But not above a nation whose bosom nurtures slaves;
At last it is the emblem, the symbol of the free,
Beneath the starry banner at last blooms Liberty.

Behold the fallen idol, bereft of its renown!
The cross the Nation carried will yet become its crown!
From out its fiery trial it will arise at length,
Renewed in all its beauty, its glory and its strength.

At last comes THE BEGINNING; THE END most surely will!
We must pass through the valley before we reach the hill!
If led by our *Pathfinder*, the brave, the true Fremont,
Our lips will touch the water in Emancipation's font.

Harlem, N. Y., Sept. 6th, 1861. William E. Pabor.

TWO DAYS AT CANTON.

Last Thursday, May 30, Captain K—— and I set off precisely at 8 a.m. from Hong-kong port for Canton. The steamer by which we were conveyed was three stories high, and very comfortably fitted up. We had a long passage for so good a boat, not reaching Canton till 8 p.m., though the distance from Hong-kong is but 100 miles; but we had a tide of seven knots an hour against us all the way. I can say nothing of scenery, as we had rain and fog all day.

As we came to anchor, the rush of boats alongside was dreadful: they smashed and crashed each other horribly, and being managed by women, the shouting and talking were *not a little*, in a language strange and unmusical. Every boat had its lantern waving about on the end of a long pole. They are the best river-boats I have ever seen, beautifully kept, each having its little joss-house or temple, sitting-room, and kitchen. The Chinese are very fond of pictures—every boat is full of them. In the boat I was in, I was struck by seeing one of the battle of Waterloo, and next to it another of the siege of Rangoon. The boat-women dress very neatly, and get up their long black hair in a wonderful and elaborate manner. In these boats, there is a small place in front for two rowers, and a place behind for a person to scull and steer with a long oar; even the largest junks use these, which are worked by a number of men. The boat-population of Canton—of persons who *live entirely* on the river—is estimated at 100,000; the population of the town itself at 2,000,000.

We soon reached our destination—the house of a Mr. Scott, a merchant, a very kind and hospitable gentleman. Here we were so fortunate as to meet the Rev. Mr. Gray, who has resided ten years in China, and devoted all his energies to the study of the language of the Chinese, their manners, laws, and religion. This gentleman—a most delightful companion—very kindly offered to be our guide through Canton. He first called our attention to the lodging-house boats on the river, in which Chinese travellers stop, for the boat-population is quite distinct from that of the land, and has very little to do with it. We walked through the ruins of what had once been English factories, but destroyed by the Chinese in 1856; they were in the outer town, a place of vast extent, but not called "the city," being outside the walls of Canton, inside whereof, a few years ago, no European was admitted; but which is now polluted by the presence of every sort of western barbarian, or the Red-handed race, as the Chinese call them. We visited the temple called Pai-ti-musinun; the deities there are a snake and six turtles. We had only the honor of seeing the god's skin, which he had just cast. This serpent is supposed by the people to be the evil spirit; as such, they pray to it, and make it offerings of eggs and birds. In the gardens was a tree, in which were placed two figures, a man and woman, said to represent the first created human beings. The six turtles were placed in a tank, and also worshipped as evil spirits. We enjoyed the interesting sight of seeing them fed. A tablet in this temple contained an inscription, which the Rev. Mr. Gray translated for us nearly as follows: "Two cousins had a dispute about a large property, which was settled in favor of him whose claim was unjust by the mandarin of the district, bribery and corruption having been used. The unsuccessful cousin, knowing this, went to Pekin to petition the emperor; he sounded the petitioner's trumpet, which always hangs at the gate of the palace, and was admitted, having first received a certain rank, without which no one can enter the emperor's presence. He looked on him with a favorable eye, restored to him his property, cutting off the heads of both cousin and mandarin. The petitioner, on returning to his native city of Canton, erected this tablet to commemorate the justice and virtue of the emperor."

The streets of Canton are all very narrow; and when you stand at one end, and look down, you see nothing but a vista of Chinese signboards, which they hang end-ways down each side of the shop. We went through the dog-and-cat market, where they are first fattened, like fowl with us, and then dressed in various ways. Mr. Gray pointed to a very nice-looking skinned animal which was for sale in a shop, and said to me: "What is that?" I replied at once: "A young pig." He pointed to the feet; then I saw it was a dog! In the same shop, they were pounding up a mixture of cat and dog into a sort of pudding. As for frogs and rats, they were as common as possible; but the shops and articles of food were so clean and nice-looking, I think I could have eaten anything I saw.

After following Mr. Gray at a quick trot through the narrow streets, the Chinese taking very little notice of us, except to salute with a frequent "Chin, Chiu," we turned into a gambling-house, which was full of Chinese playing in a most eager manner for great piles of *cash*, which, curious to say, is the only coin known in China, being a square piece of brass with a hole in the centre, by which they are strung. The Chinese are dreadful gamblers, particularly the ladies. *They* manage by sending their servant to a gambling-house for a paper, on which is marked a number of figures. Having first asked the direction of some favorite deity, the lady selects and marks off a certain number of those figures. The owner of the gambling-house has followed the same plan with a precisely similar card. The next day, the lady sends in her card: if the figures marked off correspond, the lady loses; and for every figure which does not, she receives a certain amount.

The Chinese bring their religion into everything they do, never undertaking anything without first invoking the direction of some god.

We visited the private house of one of the greatest men in Canton—Howqua by name—with whose famous "Mixture" every English reader is acquainted. We did not see the great man, but were introduced to his son, and had the pleasure of taking tea with him in very small china cups. The room in which we were was not unlike an English room, with tables and chairs, and Chinese pictures on the walls. We were shown round an extremely pretty garden; a bridge thrown over some water looked the original of that on the old willow-pattern place. The house was very large, and built, like all Chinese houses, with that peculiar roof you know so well. A gentleman's house in China is always of great size, for when a son marries, he is expected to live with his father for at least five years afterwards.

We were introduced to the tutor and painter of the family, for Howqua kept him chiefly to paint for the amusement of the ladies. When we saw him he was painting exquisitely beautiful flowers. On taking leave, we said, "Chin, Chiu," and our host "Good-bye," which was the whole extent of our Chinese and of his English.

We then visited what was indeed a contrast, a large open space called the Beggars' Square. It is a refuge for all those who are destitute and sick, where they receive every morning medical attendance. It is the only attempt at a hospital in Canton.

We called at a government public school, but it was not school-hour, so we only saw a few young fellows, who looked at us with astonishment. The principal room was a large hall, with rough tables and benches, and the professor's chair at the top. In the adjoining college we were introduced to the most learned man in Canton. Mr. Gray had some conversation with him; but as for us, we could only look on and say the usual "Chin, Chin." Leaving this learned gentleman, we looked in at the Tea Guilders' Hall, said to be the prettiest building in China. It is a favorite place for theatricals, of which the Chinese are very fond, and call them "sing-song."

We next paid our respects to a great Chinese doctor, the "Sir Philip Crampton" of Canton. The entire front of his house was covered with testimonials which he had received for great cures he had effected; so also were the walls of the room in which he received us. I forget his name; but he was a fat, pleasant-looking old fellow; with a remarkably fine pig-tail, and very long nails. When he heard I belonged to his profession, he paid me great respect, and took my hand, holding it in a most affectionate manner. Our visit, I am sorry to say, was a very hurried one, as we had no time to spare; but I believe we saw more in that one day—thanks to Mr. Gray—than many have seen in weeks.

Next day, we renewed our inspection of Canton, and paid our respects to a lady-abbess; for the Chinese have institutions very like convents, in which young ladies devote themselves to religion and a single life. Near this, we entered a house where they were mourning for the dead. Everything was covered with black—pictures, furniture, etc.; and numerous lights were burning round the body, so as to remind me of an Irish wake. The relatives change their dresses of silk for garments of a very coarse material, which is a token of mourning. They have a curious practice of dressing up the dying person in his most gorgeous apparel, so that few Chinese die in peace, for as soon as they imagine he is near his end, they make a rush to get on his finest clothes before he dies; in fact, the poor patient often dies in the act. In this way, many a man's life is shortened, who, if left to himself, might have even recovered.

We entered an eating-house, which seemed conducted very much like one of those in the Strand, and quite as clean, the only difference being the use of chop-sticks, of which I bought a pair. Close beside it was a tea-house, and the scene which met my eyes was deeply interesting. We entered a very long room, beautifully got up in green and gold carved work. Down each side of this room was a row of small tables, at which were seated a couple of hundred Chinese, partaking of tea and cake. The first thing that struck me was that they were all *poor* men; and next, the little noise and good order of everything—the waiters, indeed, were running about receiving payment, and there was a buzz of many voices, but no loud tones or angry words; and as I stood and looked at this strange scene, I thought, what a contrast it afforded to the gin-palace of our large cities! For ten cash, which is about three-halfpence, the Chinese get as much as they can eat and drink.

We visited some cooking establishments, and anything cleaner or nicer I never saw.

We then went to the Temple of Disconsolate Women, which is devoted to all females unhappy from any cause; and, as you may suppose, it is much frequented, for the Chinese, like the Turks, may have as many wives as they please. If a woman wishes to *curse* another, she comes here with a figure cut in paper to represent her enemy, and attaches it to the altar with the head turned down, and one of these I took the liberty of bringing away with me, by which, I suppose, I broke the curse.

Leaving this temple, we passed through a *live* cat-and-dog market, where they were fattening before sending them to the butchers. This brought us to the temple of the Two Hundred *Worthies*. It is a mistake to call them gods; they are only statues of men who have distinguished themselves in the empire. After death, they have been made saints, as it were, and as such, are prayed to by the people. This is a most interesting place; but it would have taken more time than we could give to examine each statue; so, passing through the jaid stone-market, from which is made all sorts of beautiful and very valuable ornaments (it is a lovely green color), and through a coffin-makers' street, we came to the Temple of Longevity, or Noah's Temple, as Mr. Gray called it. To us, this is one of the most interesting temples in China, proving that the Chinese recognized there having once been a flood which covered the entire earth; and their account is almost the same as ours. In this temple is the representation of the man, of his three sons, and their three wives, who were saved from the flood. The statue of Noah is a huge thing. Placed behind, are *three* figures, said to represent the Great God of Heaven. One of the sons of Noah is represented with *red* hair and beard, and is said by the Chinese to be the father of the red-handed Westerns. In part of the same temple are three huge figures, which represent Time Past, Present, and Future; the attitudes are very good. We also saw the Temple of Eternal Felicity, which was not very striking, except for its beautiful marble pagoda.

All this was *outside* the regular city of Canton. We now entered the city by the western gate, which, before 1856, no barbarian had ever passed through, or if he *did* enter the city, never came out alive.

We soon came to the great pagoda of Canton, nine stories high, and each story twenty feet—a wonderful structure, said to be seventeen hundred years old. It was predicted at the time of its building, that whenever the top fell in, some great misfortune would befall the city. In August, 1856, the top fell in, and in September, the English were in possession of Canton. We next passed through the Tartar general's yeman or palace, which is now a French barrack; this brought us to the Bottle Pagoda, which reminded me of one of the round towers of Ireland. Near this was the great temple of Confucius, which contains the only image of this great man in China. This temple bears marks of the bombardment of Canton, and one cannon-ball is lodged right at the feet of Confucius.

The temples are all very similar, being built of wood and stone, in some cases handsomely carved. There is one called the Temple of the Five Genii, of which Mr. Gray told us the following tradition: Some five hundred years ago, five genii, in the form of five rams, entered the city of Canton, and said: "Peace and plenty be to this city." No sooner had they said this, than they turned into five stones, for which this temple was built, and which five stones I saw. They are held in great veneration by the Chinese. Here also in a rock is shown the impression of Confucius's foot, and a very stout gentleman he must have been to have left such a mark.

We finished our day by visiting an old Chinese general, the court-house, and prison. In the court-house, we saw two mandarins about to have sentence executed on some unfortunate beings. When they saw us, they chin-chinned, and sent away the prisoners and the instruments of torture.

We walked through the prison—a most wretched place. Some prisoners were chained to large stones; others had huge boards round their necks, which hindered them from resting in any position, and this some of them had worn for months. Many had their legs and arms broken and distorted with the application of torture. Here we saw the mother of the great rebel Tie-ping-wanns.

The next day, we rose at 5 a.m., and walked all round the top of the wall of Canton, which is seven miles long. After breakfast, we went with Mr. Gray into the suburbs to see the country-house of a Chinese gentleman, and near it, one of the finest temples in China. The same evening, we took leave of our hospitable friend, and steamed down the river to Hong-kong. The evening was beautiful, and I never enjoyed anything more than that excursion.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

A peculiar embassy has lately made its way to Stockholm. It consists of five peasants from Wormso (an island at the entrance of the Gulf of Finland), who have crossed the Baltic in an open boat, to appeal to the Swedish government for protection against the wrongs which they endure under Russian rule. It appears that the island of Wormso, and several adjoining ones, as well as a couple of parishes on the mainland, are inhabited by a people who, from very ancient times, have preserved their Swedish language and manners. They possess certain privileges secured to them by treaty between Sweden and Russia, and have never been serfs like their Russian neighbors on the continent, but are called in official documents "free Swedish peasants." For a long period, however, the proprietors of the land have exerted themselves to the utmost to oust the free Swedes, and to introduce serfs in their stead. The proprietor of the island of Wormso is Baron Otto von Stachalberg, in whose family it has been since 1748. From that date to this every effort has been made to turn the free peasants into serfs, or rather slaves, and the present baron has brought the system of persecution to such a pitch that the unfortunate Swedes can endure it no longer. In his capacity of hereditary proprietor, the baron is a justice of the peace, and administers "justice's justice," imposing fines, and hauls to prison to his heart's content. Complaints have repeatedly been made to the Russian government, but hitherto without effect, and the complainants have only suffered the more in consequence of the representations. Calling to mind an old saying of theirs, that when their need is greatest they must look to the West for help, these simple people have sent a deputation to Stockholm to plead their cause. It is hardly likely, however, that they will obtain any redress from that quarter. Meanwhile, the position of the five hardy mariners is far from being a pleasant one. Not daring to return to Wormso until there is some improvement in the state of affairs, they are at present living in their boat, over which they have erected a kind of tent to protect them from the weather. The *Aftonblad* describes them as a primitive people, with the Swedish speech and manners of 400 years ago, and proverbial for their unassuming honesty and integrity.

FORWARD.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

God, to the human soul,
And all the spheres, that roll,
Wrapped, by His spirit, in their robes of light,
Hath said, "The primal plan
Of all the worlds, and man,
Is Forward! Progress is your law—your right."

The despots of the earth,
Since Freedom had her birth,
Have to their subject nations, said, "Stand still;"
So, from the Polar Bear,
Comes down the freezing air,
And stiffens all things with its deadly chill.

He, who doth God resist—
God's old antagonist—
Would snap the chain, that binds all things to Him;
And, in his Godless pride,
All peoples would divide,
And scatter even the choirs of seraphim.

God, all the orbs that roll
Binds to one common goal—
One source of light and life—His radiant throne.
In one fraternal mind
All races would He bind,
Till every man, in man, a brother own.

Tyrants with tyrants league;
Corruption and Intrigue
To strangle infant Liberty conspire.
Around her cradle, then,
Let self-devoted men
Gather, and keep unquenched her vital fire.

When Tyranny, grown bold,
To Freedom's host, cries "Hold!
Ye toward her temple at your peril march"—
"Stop," that great host replies,
Raising to heaven its eyes,
"Stop, first, the host that moves across yon arch!"

When Tyranny commands,
"Hold thou my victim's hands,
While I more firmly rivet on his chains,
Or, with my Bowie knife,
I'll take your craven life,
Or show my streets bespattered with your brains"—

Freedom, with forward tread,
Unblenching turns her head,
And drawing from its sheath her flashing glave,
Calmly makes answer—"*Dare
Touch of my head one hair,
I'll cut the chord, that holds your every slave!*"

West Medford, September, 1861.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT THE NORMAL SCHOOL FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

From The Liberator.

The first Commencement exercises of Dr. Lewis's Normal Institute for Physical Education, which was incorporated last spring, took place at the Hall of the Institute, 20 Essex street, Boston, on Thursday evening, Sept. 5th. The exercises were novel, and exceedingly interesting. The members of the graduating class, comprising eight ladies and five gentlemen, presented the most gratifying evidence of the fidelity and thoroughness with which they had been trained, and of unremitting attention, on their part, to the arduous duties which such a course of instruction involves.

The Institute Hall is one admirably adapted to its uses—well lighted and ventilated, and sufficiently spacious, if not to accommodate all those who would desire to witness such an exhibition as that of which we write, at least, for all the ordinary purposes for which it is designed. On the present occasion, there were some one hundred and fifty invited guests present, who took the liveliest interest in the proceedings.

The chair was taken at 7 o'clock by the President, C. C. Felton, L.L.D. (President of Harvard College), and the exercises commenced with a prayer by Rev. Dr. Kirk. Dr. Dio Lewis, Professor of Gymnastics, then addressed the assembly as follows:

Mr. President—Members of the Graduating Class—Ladies and Gentlemen: The circumstances call for a brief statement of the history and aims of this Institution.

Educated to the profession of medicine, and mingling for many years principally with those classes who suffer most from non-observance of the laws of health, I came, many years ago, to think somewhat seriously of that ounce of prevention which is worth tons of cure. Want of muscular exercise was one of the most obvious defects in our physical life. It was not less obvious that the very structure of town and city society rendered the correction of the evil impracticable, except in the Gymnasium.

I examined the German Gymnasium, the one so much in vogue throughout the United States, with great care. Entering one of these institutions, as a pupil, I studied the anatomical and physiological bearings of its many exercises. I found that they were not well adapted to children, women, fat men or old men, and about eight years ago, I began the attempt to devise something better. During this time, I have invented more than five hundred different exercises, of which a large experience has fully endorsed nearly three hundred. Some of these, of the more simple kinds, we shall have the pleasure to show you to-night.

A word of our purposes: In this hall and the story below, we have a gymnasium for children, ladies and gentlemen. In addition, the Institution has been incorporated as a Normal Institute for Physical Education. Twice each year, a class of ladies and gentlemen will gather here, as this class has done, from all parts of the country, to prepare themselves to act as guides in Physical Culture. In carrying forward this important work, I have asked the aid of gentlemen of the medical profession residing in this city. Dr. Thomas H. Hoskins has delivered a most instructive course of lectures upon Anatomy. Dr. Josiah Curtis was elected to the chair of Physiology by the Trustees of the Institute, but being called to Washington, Dr. Hoskins delivered, most acceptably to the class, the lectures belonging to this department. Dr. Walter Channing, known to all the world, has given us a series of conversational lectures upon Hygeine, which we esteem as invaluable. He has given us the results of his long and varied experience.

The class now about to graduate, composed of eight ladies and five gentlemen, is one of which we feel truly proud. The members of this class have been with us during the prescribed term, and such faithful pupils I never saw. Six, seven, eight, nine and ten hours a day they have been occupied in this Institution, and with a zeal I never saw equalled; and we who have had to do with teaching them, think them prepared to teach gymnastics, and to act as guides in all such matters as ventilation, dietetics, dress, bathing, etc.

The graduating class then went through a series of exercises with the "clubs," exhibiting a wonderful degree of dexterity, strength and skill. Exercises with "wands" and "dumb-bells" followed, which excited great interest in the audience, and were witnessed with much satisfaction and pleasure.

Mr. Sylvester Scott, one of the graduating class, then read an essay on "The Importance of Physiological Culture in a True Education," treating the subject in an able and comprehensive manner, and presenting, in a clear and succinct form, the advantages to be derived from the system of physical culture taught in the Institute.

The essay was followed by exercises with "rings," which afforded a fine opportunity for the display of ease and agility of motion, and gracefulness of posture. These exercises were most admirable—the very "poetry of motion."

The concluding exercises, of a physical character, were some very amusing as well as exciting feats with the "bean-bags," and with clubs placed at equal distances on the floor.

These exercises were agreeably interspersed with patriotic songs by Mr. Whitney.

At the conclusion of the physical exercises, President Felton presented the diplomas, and, in doing so, spoke as follows:

Friends: I have very cheerfully acceded to the request of Dr. Lewis, to act as Chairman on this occasion, and to be the organ of the presentation of the diplomas to which you are entitled on completing your course in this Institution.

It is hardly necessary to say much, on such an occasion. But I will remark that, for many years, this subject of physical education has occupied not only my thoughts, but my practical labor, to a certain extent. I see in this assembly a respected friend, a classmate of mine. I think he will remember that we, early in our college life, were members of the first gymnastic class, I think, that was ever formed in this country—Dr. Follen being at the head of it; a very excellent teacher, and a very learned gentleman, from Germany. I remember, to this day, with pleasure, and with some degree of amusement, the extraordinary performances we went through. I think my classmate Quincy rather beat me; but about this I hardly remember. The class succeeded so well, that great crowds, together with large numbers of gentlemen and ladies, were accustomed to drive out of Boston, and station themselves around the college delta, which was covered with various machines—some of them looking marvellously like the gallows—with which we performed the gymnastic exercises of those times. You will hardly believe, I suppose, that *I* ever climbed the pole (laughter), or performed any of those airy flights which we were trained to take in those times (laughter), and yet I assure you that both Mr. Quincy and I have done those things: though some of us belong to those classes of society which Dr. Lewis enumerated in speaking of other systems of gymnastics as not being properly suited to their present condition (renewed merriment). And I confess that I should be reluctant, myself, at the present day, to attempt some of those exploits, and I fear it would be a spectacle more amusing than profitable.

But, from that day to this, I have gained substantial benefits from a system of gymnastic exercises, carefully devised by scientific persons familiar with the human frame, as medical men, and as anatomists. That I consider quite necessary; for many exercises, if entered upon with the zeal of youth, and without the knowledge of superior age to direct them, are dangerous, and sometimes even fatal. We have all of us, probably, known instances of the fatal effects even of the common exercise of the dumb-bells, unless that is practised with great discretion.

This present system of Dr. Lewis's has appeared to me to avoid most of the objections of some other systems, inasmuch as the machinery is slight and light, easily managed, evidently—I think even I could manage most of it—and may be continued, I should think, for long periods, without any danger to the health—and great benefit, in most cases, if not in all. I have not seen so much of it as some others; there are others present who are familiar with it in all its details; yet I have witnessed the effects of this system in some of the schools in which Dr. Lewis has introduced it, and it seems to me they are all good, without exception.

"Actions speak louder than words." The exhibition of this evening, I think, must recommend it more than anything that I can say; but, as the time allotted to the exercises of the evening has now nearly expired, I will not add anything further, but simply hand the diplomas, expressing the gratification I feel in seeing this system introduced into our schools.

I am well assured, teachers, that you will carry into your schools the result of your experience here, and that it will be for the benefit of your pupils.

Let me add one thing more, however, and that is, that the health and vigor acquired by a thorough course of exercises such as you have had here, cannot be preserved if hereafter you entirely neglect them. One objection to former systems of gymnastics, which I have heard pressed by gentlemen who took part in those primitive times, is that their health broke down when they gave up the exercises altogether, after having been in the habit of practising them six or eight, or ten hours a day. I may speak on this subject with some degree of experience, inasmuch as for more than thirty years I have daily used dumb-bells, connected with the bath; and for some time I have used, every morning, in addition, clubs considerably heavier than any that I have seen here to-night—but for a very short time; and I am convinced, from my own experience, and what I have seen in the experience of others, that after the constitution has been thoroughly developed, and the health and vigor thoroughly established by a course like that which you have now gone through, you may retain all the advantages of it—the great result, "*mens sana in corpore sano*," the motto which is on your diploma—by giving a very small portion of each day to some one or the other of all the exercises to which you have been accustomed here.

I find, ladies and gentlemen, on the card, that remarks are expected "by several well-known gentlemen." It is the duty of the chairman, on all such occasions, to exercise a perfectly arbitrary power in this matter. If Dr. Lewis thinks the audience would stand a few minutes' speaking, and that the words upon the card express an understood invitation, I intend to call upon four or five gentlemen to say a few words each; and first, the Rev. Dr. Kirk.

Rev. Dr. Kirk said: Mr. President, I do not know that we need any more speaking, we have had so much acting to-night; but I willingly add my testimony. I have long been, as President Felton has expressed himself to be, convinced of the importance of physical education; and to me it is surprising that it is not incorporated now into every system of education in the land.

And after having looked on this evening, I am more convinced than ever before of the supreme importance of judicious training and supervision in gymnastic exercise. I know that I once overstrained my muscle by too violent exercise in the gymnasium, and suffered an actual sickness in consequence. I am now satisfied that Dr. Lewis has found the true scientific process for physical development. It was my privilege to welcome Dr. Lewis at his first arrival here, and everything, since then, has only confirmed my confidence in his ability to superintend this system.

Edmund Quincy, Esq., being called upon by the President, spoke as follows:

Mr. President: I suppose, after the gratification we have received from the physical exercise we have witnessed this evening, that we can do nothing less than perform our share of vocal exercise. I will add to your recollections of our gymnastic education. I remember precisely who were injured. One of our class, I recollect, who is now a Bishop of the Church, broke his arm. But I think there was no person who went through those exercises who would not, to this day, say that he has derived advantage from the first principles of physical training which we received from the mouth and the example of Dr. Follen—how to walk, how to breathe. I learned to breathe through the nose from Dr. Follen, which I have practised ever since (laughter). And I read in the paper, the other day, that this is considered a specific against infection; that people can go into the most malarious districts, and escape harmless, comparatively, if they can only breathe through the nostrils. Mr. Catlin published a book on the subject of *breathing through the nose;* he considered that all the calamities of the human race arose from breathing through the mouth; that if people would always breathe through their nostrils, they would live forever without disease. That is extravagant, of course; but I have no question there is a great deal of philosophy in it.

I have myself used exercises, for about fifteen years; of my own invention. I used to be a great walker; but finding that took a great deal of time, I got tired of it, and substituted these exercises, and think they have answered the purpose far better—that fifteen minutes' well-chosen gymnastic exercise, in the morning, is equivalent to two hours' walk. I can also give a signal example of the benefit of this species of treatment upon the human frame. My father, who, I suppose, most of you know, is one of the oldest inhabitants of this Commonwealth, and by far the oldest graduate of the College over which my friend presides so worthily as his successor, has for a space of forty or fifty years adopted the system of using these exercises in his dressing-room, mornings, in connection with his bath, about fifteen minutes a day, and continues it to this day; and he considers that he owes his extraordinary longevity, and the still more remarkable degree of health which has blessed his long life, to that fact, in connection with his temperance, the systematic control of his passions, and the regularity of his habits. The last time I saw him, I spoke to him on this subject, and he told me he had been taking this exercise, and was perfectly satisfied that he owed all these blessings of health and long life to that practice (applause).

President Felton—I consider this testimony of the gentleman very valuable, derived from his own experience and the example of his illustrious father, who is now in his ninetieth year, possessing extraordinary vigor of body for a man of that age, and vigor of mind for a man of any age. At the last Commencement in Cambridge, Mr. Quincy made a speech that exhibited a vigor of mind, and a play of imagination and wit, quite equal—I won't say to his best days, because I think his best days are now—but to his strongest physical days. And there cannot be a more striking example to be found of physical exercise conducted at so late a period of life. Indeed, all the virtues adorn the character of that great man, and I wish that his example might be set forth, in all its details, to the young men of this city and this nation, now and hereafter.

My friend Mr. Hagar is present, and by authority, I call upon him to say a word or two.

Mr. D. B. Hagar—Mr. Chairman, I submit to the authority. Yesterday, sir, I had the pleasure of taking a ride in the country with an esteemed friend of mine, who I suspect must be a distant relation of Mrs. Partington. As we passed an elegant estate, said he to me, "Bishop So-and-so has purchased this estate." "Ah!" said I, "for what purpose?" "O, he is going to establish a school here, or some sort of cemetery" (laughter).

The words have been running through my mind ever since. As I went home, and passed my school-house, I said to myself, "A school or some sort of cemetery!" And as I got up this morning, and went to my school-room, and saw the seventy or eighty boys around me, I said to myself, again, "A school or some sort of cemetery!" To-night, as I left my house, in order to come to this place to witness the exercises which have so delighted us, I was met by a gentleman whose daughter entered my school as a pupil three or four days ago—and during that time has learned and recited, I believe, only one lesson. Said this gentleman to me, with tears in his eyes, "Mr. Hagar, my daughter is a very nervous girl; she came home, to-day, and began to cry about her lessons." "Why," I replied, "she has not begun to recite, yet." Said he, "Yes, but she is afraid she won't recite well, and is crying about it." I said to myself, "Then I must look out, or my school will be 'some sort of cemetery' to that girl."

As I came up the stairway to-night, I took out my card, and read, "Normal Institute for Physical Education." "Ah!" said I, "a school, or some sort of cemetery here;" and then, as I looked along down, and saw the names of four M.D.'s, said I, "It is a cemetery, sure" (great merriment). I entered the door, and I must confess that my feelings were quite relieved when I saw a very jolly-looking sexton standing at the door, and still more when I had conversed with him only five minutes. "Ah," said I, "there must be a cemetery there; here is a *sub lorgi* to begin with" (laughter). By and bye out came the clubs; and bearing in mind that this was a cemetery, and the sexton was playing his cards, I said to myself, "Clubs are trumps, surely" (renewed laughter). When the wands made their appearance, I began to feel better; everything was graceful and magic-like; I said, "After all, this is a very pleasant lot to be buried in." And then, as we passed on, too, the eloquence of the wooden-headed dumb-bells spoke to me a language which was exceedingly encouraging, not only to myself, who might perhaps take those hard old exercises which fat men can't—not only encouraging to me, but the rising generation.

Looking at this matter of gymnastics, Mr. Chairman, in a serious way, I may say that, for some years, the subject of physical education has commanded my attention. We have had in our educational associations a great many lectures on the importance of physical education. Every teacher, lady or gentleman, has always been ready to admit the importance of physical education. The great question has been, how will you accomplish that end? We admit that the body should be educated; we admit that we cannot have full mental vigor without bodily vigor; the question is, how shall we get this physical culture? Gymnastics were proposed—the old-fashioned gymnastics—and they have been introduced into some schools—but into very few, on account of the expense attending the apparatus. Teachers came to the conclusion, very generally, that it was impossible to introduce the kind of gymnastics that have been already referred to.

Dr. Lewis, a year ago, presented his gymnastics before the American Institute; and I think it is perfectly correct for me to say, that the way so long desired has been pointed out, the course has been marked out, and to-day many eminent teachers have taken that course, and are pursuing it with the most excellent results. I say, not only in my own name, but in behalf of many of my fellow-teachers, that we recognize the debt due to Dr. Lewis. I know, from personal observation, that in many schools in this city, and towns around this city, this system of Dr. Lewis has been introduced, and the results have been all that could be desired. It is necessary, of course, that any system which shall be adopted in our schools shall be such as can be made use of in our ordinary schoolrooms, because the most of our school buildings are so contracted as to afford only the ordinary study and recitation rooms, not affording a hall in which exercises of a general character might be had, not more difficult than such as have been witnessed to-night.

I am happy to add my word of endorsement to what the Doctor has said; and if the time permitted, I should wish to make some remarks on the ways and means of promoting physical culture in our schools.

I am satisfied, furthermore, that the charges which have been brought against teachers, that they have been murdering the innocents, are, as a general fact, without foundation; that the cause of the illness of school children lies far back of the teacher; it arises, in a great many cases, from the ill-health of parents; it arises, in many more cases, from the injudicious course of treatment received at home. If children are allowed to eat when and what they please, to go when and where they please, and to study as little or as much as they please, it is hardly fair to charge teachers with having been their murderers, if they go to their graves early.

I hope that our friend Dr. Lewis will feel encouraged by the results of his efforts in this city; and I know that he has been the means of doing us teachers and our pupils a vast deal of good, and if we do not profit still more by what he has shown to us, it is not his fault.

President Felton—What Mr. Hagar has said about the cemeteries reminds me of an anecdote. Some years ago, the Turkish minister visited this city, and among others of our institutions, he went to see the cemetery at Mount Auburn. On his return, he was entertained with a magnificent dinner at the Revere or Tremont House; and one gentleman present asked him, through an interpreter, what he thought of Mount Auburn. "I thought it a very pleasant place for a short visit" (laughter). Now, the sort of cemeteries that Mr. Hagar referred to are very pleasant places for short visits, no doubt; but I hope, by the introduction of this system, or some system that will act as efficiently on our muscles, that remark can no longer be applied to them.

I wish to add, further, some very important observations as to the illness of children. It is frequently supposed that hard study is very unhealthy, and it is even supposed, by some, that young people kill themselves by hard study. I wish to say, emphatically, that all those stories are monstrous fabrications; that no child, girl, boy, man or woman, ever died of hard study, or ever injured themselves by hard study; and that all the complaints made against schools, of injuring the health of students by hard study, are utterly calumnious and false; and that among the most healthful exercises, the exercises that most promote vigor, strength—physical vigor, physical strength—is the exercise of the human brain—which is itself a physical organ—only it must not be exercised alone. But the pale and puny student, who flatters his self-conceit that he is suffering dyspepsia, and all the ills that come with it, because he is so *intellectual*, may not "lay that flattering unction to his soul" any longer; it is because he is a *fool*, it is because he is a fanatic, it is because he has *not* exercised his brain, and neglected the other parts of his system also (applause and laughter). With a sound system of physical exercise, and healthy modes of living, that same pale and self-fancying intellectual being would accomplish twice, four times the intellectual work that has brought him to death's door—and he prides himself on being in that very pleasant position.

It has been proved, by statistics, that among the longest livers, as a general rule, are the most intellectual. It is not—"Whom the gods love, die young"; "Whom the gods love," live longest, as shown by the case of the illustrious friend who has already been spoken of here. "Whom the gods love," live longest: it has been proved by the statistics of universities. Professor Pierce, of our University, examined the subject, and he found, somewhat to the surprise of a portion of the community—I won't say what portion—that, taking classes in the average, those that are the first to die are those who are the dullest and stupidest and most irregular during their college life; while, as a general rule—of course there are exceptions, but exceptions prove the rule in this as all other things—the good scholars, those who exercise their brains constantly, thoroughly, faithfully, and have performed all their duties conscientiously, are the longest lived. I think these are facts really worth being impressed upon the young.

Miss Abby W. May (daughter of Samuel May, Esq.), a member of the Graduating Class, then read a valedictory address, a considerable portion of which was devoted to the subject of dress, as affecting the health of women, and, through them, the race universally. The address was admirably written, full of vigorous thought, clearly and tersely expressed. In conclusion, Miss May referred to the teachers connected with the Institute in the following terms:

"Classmates, the time has come for us to bid farewell to our teachers, and to one another. It were idle to linger over the word. The golden hours of summer have borne forever into the past the nine weeks of earnest purpose that have held us together here. They have been weeks of unbroken harmony; of much labor, of a kind that was new to nearly all of us; but of a wholesome and increasing satisfaction that I think I may say we never knew before. To our teachers we owe our hearty and respectful thanks. Where each one has been so able in his own department of science, and each so devoted to our service, it were invidious to single out any one for an especial thank-offering, were it not that he who is the founder of this institution has, by the nature of his relation to it, been called upon to make the greatest sacrifices of time and strength for our welfare; all of which he has done with a zeal and patience which have been a daily surprise, even to those of us who, from previous acquaintance with him, had been led to expect very great devotion. Henceforth, we shall delight to think of him as one who holds our welfare very near his own; we shall turn to him for sympathy and encouragement in our failures, and shall love to bring our success to him as belonging more to him than to ourselves.

"We part to-night, never, in all probability, to meet again. Our country, soon, we trust, to be united and free, offers a wide field for our exertions. In our own unaided strength we can do little; but let us go forth to our work with full assurance that He, in whose service we are to labor, will make us strong unto the end, if we put our trust in Him."

A benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Dr. Kirk, and the exercises terminated. It will not be doubted by any who were present, at least, that this Institute will be of inestimable value in promoting the physical well-being of all who come within the sphere of its influence, whether in immediate connection with it or through the intelligent and well-instructed teachers which it shall send forth into various parts of the country, to spread the knowledge of this new system, and on whose steps shall tread close, health, purity, and happiness.

How many, for fear of sacrificing their influence, do little or nothing! In order to keep it, they refuse to exert it, and thus make it useless.—*Channing.*

BARBARA.

[illegible]

[illegible]

And were you to sing [illegible]
Over the hills to the ends of the earth,
Barbara, what would you get for your pains,
More than your true love's love is worth?

So, never a thought about [illegible] mills,
Of [illegible] lovers your dreaming cease;
A world is shut in among these hills—
Stay in it, Barbara, stay, for your peace!

ARCHÆOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES.

The London *Athenæum* notices the exhibition of several curious relics at a late meeting of the British Archæological Institute. Among them were three old covers of the Doomsday Book, and a very interesting volume, with velvet cover, richly enamelled bosses, and numerous seals dangling by cords, each protected by a silver box—a curious example of covenants with royalty in the fifteenth century. This rich casing contained the Book of Penalties for non-performance of the terms of the indenture between King Henry the Seventh and the Abbot of Westminster and others. Seven copies of this book exist, and a second one was exhibited in the same apartments by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

THE PRAYER-BOOK OF MARY STUART

was also exhibited. The *Athenæum* describes it as follows: In the centre of the front is a crown; on the back an enamelled shield surmounted with a crown. The letters read M. A. R. I. A R. E. G. I. N. A., and the letter R of the first word falls under the royal crown; the remaining four occupy the corners of the front of the cover. This very interesting relic comes from the well-stored treasury of Stonyhurst, and from which, had space and time permitted, still further wonders of art might have been forthcoming.

AN ANCIENT CHASUBLE.

A rich chasuble from Stonyhurst claimed recognition as the very perfection of needlework, and painting with bright threads on a minute scale. The softness and delicacy of the work, and the missal-like finish of the heads, possess all the refinements and freedom of a Flemish pencil. The central line of figures is of a much later date than the rest, being coarser, and executed in broad vertical stitches of the most brilliant colors. They pertain to early in 1500, whilst the side historical scenes seem almost a century older. The figures down the centre of the chasuble are, beginning at the top, St. Philip with cross and book, St. Paul resting his sword on the ground, St. John the Baptist, a bearded man with the lamb seated on the book in his hand, and St. Bartholomew with the knife. The scenes from legendary history seem to pertain to Canterbury. In the upper left-hand compartment St. Dunstan is seen wearing his mitre, seated by the side of his cutlery and taking the devil, under the shape of a great beast, by the nose with his pincers. Below this, St. Blaise, as a naked bishop, saving his mitre, is tied to a column, and tormentors are in the act of operating on him with fuller's combs. The body of St. Blaise was an ancient treasure of Canterbury Cathedral. The lowest compartment represents, probably, the martyrdom of St. Elphege. The three historical scenes on the right side represent a bishop officiating at an altar, a miracle wrought before a shrine, probably that of Thomas à Becket, and the restoration of a child brought to a bishop by its parents.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

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The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the Store,

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He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage. WM. STILL,

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Samuel Rhoades, James Mott,
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KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of hardware, cutlery, &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing hardware for buildings.

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PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks; Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.

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N. B. Sole agency for Butterworth's celebrated bank, vault and door locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Hobbs included.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL. Leatitia Bullock respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish ice creams, water ices, jellies, cakes, candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of free labor, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business! Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price. Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila. JONES & CO.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail stationery, blank books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American cap, letter and note papers, envelopes, sealing wax, plain and fancy wafers of every description, very superior gold and steel pens, ink and inkstands, sand boxes, wafer cups, paper weights, plain and fancy penholders, drawing pencils and books, Bristol board, tracing paper, impression paper, tissue paper, visiting and wedding cards, pocket books, portfolios, bankers' cases, diaries, &c.; envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1,000, mercantile firms insurance companies, banks, &c., furnished with blank books to order of the best materials and workmanship.

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TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, [illegible] the influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor [illegible] as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could become somewhat reduced: probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor this Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR.